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SEEKING REST.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

O ye that fare amid these breathless places,
Spending your souls 'twixt factory and mart,
Ye whose quick eyes, and pale and eager faces
Reveal the restless heart,

What are you seeking in your fever'd labor,
That knows no pause thro' all the crowded week,
Each for himself, and no man for his neighbor,
What is it that ye seek?

"Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;
But all are seeking rest.

"Our temples throb, our brains are turning, turning,
Would God that what we strain at were possess'd;
God knows our souls are parch'd and black with yearning;
God knows we faint for rest."

He went his way, a haggard shape and dreary,
His hard face set toward the kindled West;
And, lo! a voice, "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

THE timepiece in the library of Arden Court had just chimed the hour of nine, on a cold December night. A rich, massive apartment the library was, with its thick Turkey carpet, on which footsteps were scarcely felt or heard; old carved oak, Elizabethian furniture, curiously wrought, so that each was a specimen worthy the study of an artist or connoisseur.

Round the walls were some genuine specimens of the ancient masters, in rich, solid frames, admirably in keeping with the remainder of the furniture of the room, and a few busts, statues, and statuettes, each a gem of exquisite taste and beauty. A splendid oriel window, beautifully painted in mythological subjects, lighted the apartment, though at that hour its beauty could not of course be distinguished.

Still it ought not to be omitted in a description of the room, since it was celebrated in the whole country round for its rich coloring and tasteful grouping.

A happy man would the owner of that apartment have been deemed by any casual visitor, and that room was but one of many equally costly and rich in their appointments; yet Philip Arden could scarcely have merited the epithet to judge from the expression of his countenance, as he sat there on that stormy night.

He was plain—there was no doubt of it. His face was deeply lined, his eyes were light gray, his hair was grizzled, and his features were strongly marked. Still his figure was tall, and his expression strikingly intellectual and true.

No one could mistake that he was a gentleman by birth, and in heart and feeling, though he had perhaps no claim to the term "aristocrat," as applied in its usual sense.

Philip Arden, it is true, had not come into his present inheritance by lineal succession. His childhood and youth had been spent in the hard school of privation, if not poverty, and the narrow income he had enjoyed was the fruit of his own earnings by his pen.

Arden Court had been divided from its present possessor by three lives, the owner, his son, and grandson; but the son died of an epidemic fever, the grandson was drowned whilst bathing, and the old man sunk under these repeated trials, the slow victim of a broken heart.

Thus, at the age of thirty-five, a prematurely grave and matured man, Philip Arden succeeded to the inheritance of his forefathers, or rather of his distantly removed relatives.

It was now at least five years from the day when Philip Arden succeeded to Arden, and still he remained in the same seclusion as when he came to it. With the exception of his sister Bessie (a woman but little younger in years, and even older in manner and quiet reserve than himself), the only female who was permitted to enter Arden Court as a permanent and favoured guest, was Avice Merton, a cousin on their mother's side.

And this exception was probably made rather because she was poor and lonely, than from any especial affection on the part of Philip or Bessie, for Avice was portionless, past youth, and with no relatives nearer than her cousins at Arden.

Avice Merton was younger than her relatives by some years—how many she did not tell, nor did any one care to know. The only interest attached to her was from the possibility of her marrying Philip; but as soon as it was ascertained that she was seldom in his society, and that he paid her only the barest attention, then no one took further care or interest in the insignificant guest at Arden, for "guest," or rather inmate, she had gradually become—first a visitor, then her visits extending to long periods, and finally a permanent resident at the Court.

No arrangement had been made, but her visits had become longer and more frequent, till at length they had tacitly become permanent.

Gentle, quiet Bessie rather liked the unobtrusive companionship of a relative who demanded no entertainment, needed not even the usual amount of social intercourse and chat, and who was "never in the way, nor out of the way."

Philip rather endured than liked his cousin, but she had his mother's blood in her veins, was neither exacting or demonstrative, and that was sufficient for him to give his tacit consent to her remaining with them. And thus matters stood at Arden Court at the opening of our story.

Philip Arden sat in his library on that cold, windy night. There was a driving snow-storm without, and the wind went whistling through the high trees and woods of Arden Court, and came moaning at the windows of the library.

But did nothing else come on the wind? Surely that was not the mere capricious whistle of the storm, nor even the cry of some suffering animal that made Philip Arden start from his deep musings.

It was a wail, rather than a cry—a wail of woman's voices, mingled with the shriller bursts of the blast.

Philip went to the window. It was a fearful night; but yet the snow had ceased, and the wind was chasing away the heavy clouds, and permitted the faint moonbeams to enliven the earth.

Philip could see for some distance with tolerable clearness. To him, accustomed to every bush and plant and tree, the landscape, though changed, was defined and clear as a map. He could at once decide whether any unusual object varied the scene.

He looked keenly round, but all seemed as quiet as an hour before; no living thing appeared in those now desolate grounds.

But as he gazed, he fancied some dark heap lay at the foot of that drooping ash, which stood on the lawn about thirty yards from the house. The branches nearly reached the ground, but yet there was one spot where a darker, more massive object was half-hidden by the branch.

He threw open the window, and the wind drove the snow in his eyes, nearly blinding him for the moment.

Philip listened, and again he heard that wail, fainter and fainter, but yet it was real, and he hesitated no longer, but rushed to the door. He would not call a servant on what might be a bootless errand. He would go himself, and not expose a domestic to the inclemency of a night, that he did not deem fit for his own strength and courage to meet.

The wind and snow almost drove Philip back in the first few steps he took. But he was not so easily daunted. His frame was powerful, though thin; and his heart was stronger than his body. The nearer he came to the tree, the more he was convinced of the truth of his surmise.

The wailing had ceased, but that black object lay there prostrate, and half shrouded by the drooping boughs. He drew nearer. The clothes were covered with the white veil of snow; the long hair drooped over the face and form; the head was half concealed by the hand that had been thrown over it, in utter abandonment of despair, of pain; but still he could not be mistaken—it was a woman.

Yes, even in that bleak, chill night, with that driving snow, that piercing wind, one of the weak, fragile sex had made her way into these grounds, by what means, remained a mystery; but still, the fact was there. It was a woman, prostrate and insensible, muffled in a shawl, and a hood, that had fallen from her head, permitting her hair to fall down unrestrained, though the covering of snow almost disguised the color of her tresses and her shabby attire.

Philip Arden stood a moment, bewildered and horror-stricken. He scarcely paused to wonder how that strange apparition could have made its way into the well-secured grounds. Yet a strange feeling of awe and shadowy terror came over him as he gazed for a moment, then stooped to raise that senseless form from the earth.

It was like a cold memory of past griefs—like the shiver that a supernatural visitant might have brought; like all and everything save the simple compassion that the sight would have occasioned in most minds. The emotion, though real and powerful, was but for a moment, though it seemed like a dream of hours to the strong man.

Raising the figure from the ground, he then proceeded to carry it tenderly to the house. Carefully, gently did he bear the unfortunate stranger along the short space that intervened between the old ash tree and the mansion.

It was fortunate that the distance was not greater, for, wasted as the female was, the weight of the snow, and the utter insensibility into which she had sunk, made the burden quite sufficient to test the strength even of Philip Arden's powerful frame.

But by degrees the distance was traversed, the library, which he had just quitted, gained, and the stranger laid on the crimson velvet couch that stood by the blazing fire.

A strange contrast was that damp, snow-covered, ill-clad form, with the costly couch on which it was laid, and with the splendor of all around; an ill-assorted inmate of the luxurious apartment; a mockery of the wealth and comfort of which it was unconscious.

Was it that anomaly that made Philip Arden pause ere he summoned assistance? Was it a natural curiousity that impelled the stern master of Arden, the bachelor recluse, to bend over the stranger as she lay, her face now plainly visible from the accidental throwing back of the hair during the transit?

Beautiful features they were, though sharpened and deadly pale. The forehead low and broad, pale, blue-veined and almost transparent; eyelids fringed with long lashes; a mouth exquisitely curved, though the lips were slightly contracted with an expression of suffering.

Such was the face, framed in masses of golden hair, wet with the melting snow fast dripping from the hood on which Philip Arden gazed.

A piteous sight, such as might well have brought tears to the eyes and pity to the heart of the sternest.

It was not, however, that sight which brought the stony rigid look, the ashen hue to that passive face; it was not compassion that brought the spasm to the working lips, then fixed them in rigid compression, till only their lines could be seen. For not only did the flickering light of the blazing fire reveal to Philip Arden a young beautiful, and unconscious, perhaps dying woman, but in that face, changed, worn, disguised by dress and suffering, and sickness, he saw the features of one who had once been dearer to him than his own life; features that, meet them when or where, or under what phase he might, he could never forget, for they were graven on his heart. And then it was almost fearful to behold the agitation of the strong man.

Philip Arden leaned against the mantelpiece for support, and grasped the carved arm of the sofa, on which she lay, to stay his trembling figure. The quiver of his frame, and the perspiration on his forehead, proved the fearful emotion that shook his very soul.

A slight moan, either from the wind in the chimney, or from the lips that yet seemed fixed and corpse-like, roused him. He rang the bell with a sharp jerk that quickly brought a servant to his aid.

"Send Mrs. Hislop here," said he, "and at once."

He had gone to the door, so that the man did not see the strange visitant within, but he remarked enough singularity in his master's mode of speaking to ensure a more than common quickness in carrying out the order, and in less than three minutes the housekeeper appeared.

"Mrs. Hislop," said her master, "a female has been lost in the storm; be so good as to do what is necessary. Have a room got ready directly with every comfort, and when all is ready come back to me; but lose no time, as every minute is precious. I will tell Miss Arden myself; so make no fuss. Keep all quiet and silent in the house."

Mrs. Hislop did not linger, even to look at the young creature lying cold and senseless before her, but hastily departed on her errand; and Philip knelt by the couch where that pale face lay pillowed, and pressed his lips on the damp, icy brow, the cheeks, the lips, with a piteous, low groan.

No word escaped him—no name, no epithet of tenderness, only that ungovernable burst of passionate affection; and then he rose, and with one convulsive shudder, seated himself to await Mrs. Hislop's return, which was not long delayed, and which, strange to say, Philip deemed even more brief than it really was. A low tap at the door aroused him, and Mrs. Hislop entered, followed by one of the servants.

"All is ready, sir," said the housekeeper; "shall we carry her up stairs?"

Philip did not reply, but raised the unconscious woman from the couch, and carried her to the room where Mrs. Hislop led the way. It was a comfortable, warm-looking apartment, with the fire blazing brightly on the hearth, and the rich crimson curtains shutting out alike noise and draught, and the carpet thick and soft, excluded all chance of noise and cold. The bed was an inviting bed, with spotless white pillows, and sheets smelling of the sweet lavender in which they had been laid; and by the sofa was a broad, soft-looking couch, on which Philip laid his burden as tenderly as if it had been an infant.

"I will send at once for a doctor, if you think proper, Mrs. Bishop," he said; "but I have such confidence in your skill, that I shall wait till you have tried your remedies before I send one of the servants for Dr. Knowles."

"I believe it's only a faint, sir, but I'll soon see if you'll be so good as to leave us," replied Mrs. Hislop. "I've got everything quite ready to bring her to, and I daresay she'll be a great deal better by morning."

Philip obeyed the hint with a lingering gaze, and then took his way slowly and sadly to the library. Again he rang after a

brief pause. This time the order was as brief, but less sharply given than the former.

"Ask Miss Arden to be so good as to come here."

Then Philip sat down on the couch where the head was still half-hidden in the pillows, and buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hislop pursued her gentle, womanly task in the sick room; assisted by her subordinate she took off the damp garments, and placed her patient in the warm bed, after carefully smoothing out and binding up her hair. She then proceeded to the task of restoration, till the life that had been almost wandering from the exhausted frame seemed slowly returning. And then, as Mrs. Hislop was bending over her, with the maternal care of one who has brought back the fleeting life, she heard a sharp cry from those pale lips, as if in hidden and severe mental or bodily suffering.

The housekeeper started, and examined the fingers of the delicately-formed hand: they were covered with rings; but her eyes rested not on the rich and precious gems. The honest woman's quick gaze passed to the very end of the rubies and pearls that marked the circlets. A look of sadness came on her withered features—the magic, plain gold circlet, was not there!

CHAPTER II.

THE library door opened softly, and Bessie Arden's gentle step came noiselessly into the room. She was a pale and subdued-looking woman, and at the first glance it only appeared that a peculiarly sweet and soft expression in the dark grey eyes and the feminine mouth gave a claim to the admiration or the kindness of others. Yet there were traces of beauty, that had once made Philip Arden's sister the admired belle of her circle. Her features were delicately formed, and her skin white as a child's, albeit the bloom was gone, and the lines faintly traced by sorrow were fast deepening with time. Her life had been a chequered and a sad one.

Bessie advanced to her brother, and laid her hand gently on his. He started, raised his head, and revealed the gray, rigid features.

"Philip, brother Philip," said Bessie, gazing anxiously on him, "you sent for me."

He bowed his head, and his lips moved, as if in vain efforts to speak. At last the words came. A hoarse whisper, not the voice of the strong man replied, and Bessie scarcely would have recognised the sound.

"Bessie," said he, "do you know—she is here."

"She!" said Bessie. "Brother, whom do you mean?"

"I mean," said he, "that in a room in this house, suffering, perhaps dying, is——"

He could not speak the name that for five long years had never passed his lips.

"You do not mean that it is she—Marian!" exclaimed Bessie, starting back, an angry flush crimsoning her cheek, and a strange light burning in her eyes.

"Yes, Bessie, it is she," he replied.

Bessie's whole frame quivered with indignation. Philip sat silent, his face buried in his hands.

"Philip," at length gasped the indignant sister, "how dare she—how could you? It is shameful—unheard of—I cannot comprehend it!" she cried, and her voice fairly choked with the suppressed passion that yet something in her brother's face repressed.

"Bessie, said he, "are you a woman, and can you speak thus?"

"Brother Philip, I am a woman," she replied, "and therefore I say that I would have died—have lain down, and frozen to death in the snow-storm, rather than come back to the house where I had caused so much misery. She cannot have a woman's heart—shameless, hardened creature! Philip, I am ashamed of you!"

He glanced up—his face was very pale, and his teeth hard set.

"Bessie," said he, "what would you have me do? I would not turn a dog from my door to-night; how could I then send away a woman—and that woman, Marian? I do not know you, Bessie."

"Brother, I would not be cruel," she replied; "but I did hope you had got over this now, and it vexes me to the heart. I hope I can so far forgive, that I would do for Marian Halloway what I would for any suffering woman that came to our roof for shelter. But she must go!—for your sake—for mine—she must go when this night is passed. She cannot stay here, Philip; she must be lost, degraded, indeed, if she desires it. I could almost turn her from our door myself, when I look at you, and see the ruin, the misery, her heartlessness, her wicked vanity wrought."

Philip looked at his sister with surprise. Bessie Arden, usually the kindest, most forgiving, and indulgent of women—his sister Bessie, whose whole life had been a tissue of trials received, and gentle submission—she whose patience and unselfish sweetness had passed into a proverb—was it indeed she standing before him, with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks, manifesting such bitter, unwomanly feelings? But he understood it all.

The best impulses of a true, tender woman's heart were momentarily stifled in her jealous watchful love for her brother, the only being she had left on earth to cherish.

Yet it was not wholly as the guardian of her brother's honor and wrongs that Bessie Arden stood that winter's night beside the library fire, nursing hard thoughts towards that pale and suffering girl. There was another reason—one that influences woman under every circumstance like this, though few care to acknowledge it. Yet who does not know how hard it is for woman to forget and forgive frailty in her sister women?

As Bessie Arden stood there, revolving many contending thoughts in her mind, she gradually became conscious that it would be one of the hardest struggles of her life to forgive Marian Halloway. Could she forgive her? No, surely not, of her own heart. But her Father was opening, in His own way, a path for that forgiveness—a new channel, wherein the womanly tenderness of her heart might flow afresh, and another love brighten and soften her life.

Five minutes passed, and Bessie still stood beside her brother, and there was no sound in the library but the whistling of the wind, and the tick of the time-piece on the mantle—a tick that seemed, to their heated misgivings, so light and uncertain, so strong and sharp, so muffled and deep, as the throbbing of Philip's heart. Memories that had been laid, as he thought, to sleep for ever, were torn from their grave that night.

It had been no light love that Philip had borne that fair-haired girl in yonder room; it had been no easy struggle to subdue it when it came back, like a torrent on his own heart. But that night had he to live it all over again, and with the added misery of beholding her desolation.

A faint knock was heard at the door; it was Mrs. Hislop.

"Please, Mr. Philip, I think we had better send for the doctor," she said. "I fear——"

She stopped when she saw her mistress. Something in that gentle face warned the good woman that unusual emotion was working there.

Bessie looked at Philip, who raised his head. Their eyes met—hers with a new, softer light struggling in their still darkened depths; his soft and tender as a woman's, with the sadness of an anguished heart breaking up through them. "Go to her, Bessie," he said.

The woman resumed its full sway over every other feeling, and then Bessie bent down and kissed her brother, and walked slowly from the room, followed by Mrs. Hislop; and Philip was left alone with the firelight and his own thoughts. As they opened the door, a low cry, full of mental and bodily agony came from the bed where the sufferer lay.

Bessie went and stood close by the pillow. It was a face of startling, girlish beauty, which she gazed upon now—the counterpart of one which, five years before, had often brightened the home of the brother and sister of Arden. The cheeks, no longer pale, were crimson with fever; about the convulsed mouth lay an expression of pain, and dusky arches rimmed the eyes.

For a few minutes she lay very still, then slowly unclosed her eyes. Sad, almost despairing, was the gaze which sought briefly the faded, sorrow-beaten face bending over her; then she shrank from the scrutinizing glance which seemed to read her soul. Closing her lids faintly, one or two tears were crushed beneath.

"Bessie Arden, do you know me?" she said at length, in a whisper, pulling up the sheet over her; as if to screen herself from the glance of those searching eyes.

"I do, Marion Halloway," was the reply, in a tone which was not certainly intended for a cold one, yet had but the slightest quiver of compassion in it, for the good and evil angel were fighting a hard battle in Bessie's heart.

The poor invalid shivered away into the further side of the bed, and turned her face to the wall. Did she deserve pity? she asked herself, or forgiveness either? Why in the hour of her great need, had she come to that house? Why, instead, had she not laid down in the bitter cold of the winter night and perished in the snow and dreaming dreams of her innocent earlier days, so died. Surely there was One who would not have looked upon her with cold, freezing, unpitying eyes. Yes, One who never cast forth the weary wanderer.

Such, and many other thoughts, passed through the poor girl's mind.

The weary conflict brought faintness and exhaustion. Bessie saw it all. In the aggravated sufferings of the poor being before her she forgot hard thoughts and harder resentments, and at last the best impulse of her nature found away. She bathed the pallid temples, and ministered invigorating cordials, called back the life which had almost wandered from those pale lips, and then, drawing the curtains round the bed, she walked softly from the room.

"Mrs. Hislop," she said, "request my brother to send a man for Dr. Knowles immediately, and you send for nurse Denton. She is in the lodge; I saw her this afternoon."

Did tears stand in Bessie Arden's eyes as she turned suddenly away, and going back to the fire buried her face in the cushions of the sofa and prayed—prayed for the invalid, for the brother to whom that invalid had been dearer than life, and for her own rebellious heart.

While Bessie is there waiting the arrival of Dr. Knowles, we will give a brief retrospect of the history of Philip and Bessie Arden.

As we before said, Bessie and Philip had not been born and brought up in the home where we now find them. They had been the children of a distant relative of the then possessor of Arden Court, and their early years were spent in the hard lessons of rigid economy, and of straining efforts to make the narrow income meet the supposed claims of their station and birth.

Their home was an elegant though small one, and their friends and neighbors always looked up to them as models of "good breeding" and of "good blood." Every one seemed to be charmed with the arrangements of the modest home and the simple elegance of its mistress, albeit the means were scarcely equal to those of many of their acquaintance. In truth, Mrs. Arden was a woman of singular gentleness and natural grace of manner, though very unused to the world, and by no means able to cope with its difficulties and its bustlings.

At an early age Bessie was accustomed to take charge of many of the domestic arrangements, to ward off many disagreeable and annoying encounters from the gentle lady, more especially after their father's death. She was then a handsome girl, with glossy black hair, and bright eyes.

At dance or picnic no girl was more gay or graceful than Bessie; till her father's death she had been the belle of the circle, and the secret queen of more than one heart. But from that day Bessie had changed; not only from love and grief for the parent she had lost, but from the pressure of care and anxiety for the one still remaining, and for a very delicate little creature, who had appeared, like an untimely flower in the Autumn, some years after the birth of Philip.

Alice was indeed a fair snowdrop, that was only meant to show how beautiful and pure human nature can be, and to test her sister's devotion and unselfishness to the utmost, during her brief life. Bessie nursed and tended her, like the most loving mother; and when Mrs. Arden died, and with her last breath commended her darling to her care, Bessie vowed, and nobly kept her vow, that she would never leave the orphan. But the vow cost her dear.

Arthur Lenox, had been the handsomest, the most ardent, the most fascinating and favored of Bessie's admirers. He was not rich, but he had a sufficient income, and the Ardens rejoiced in the fair prospect his attentions to Bessie afforded. When Bessie's mother died, Arthur thus addressed her:—

"Bessie you are your own mistress now. Your item of your mother's fortune, with my income will be enough. I need not tell you how long I have loved you, Bessie, and I know that you return that love. There is nothing to hinder it now."

Bessie's eyes glistened through her tears. There was a strange, questioning look in them as she replied, "Arthur, there may be one hindrance: it rests with yourself. I am no prude, or coquette, to deny the affection I feel for you—the happiness it would be to me to pass my life with you; but I have a duty left—Alice——"

His face changed slightly, imperceptibly, but still changed, as he said, "That is nonsense, Bessie. Alice will of course be with Philip after you are married, and she will soon be able to go to school. I love you—I shall be a loving and true husband to you, but of course it would never do for you to bring your family with you to my house."

A cold, quiet expression came over the girl's face.

"Do you mean this, Arthur?" she asked.

"Certainly, Bessie," he replied. "Can you doubt it? You were surely not so mad as to expect anything else."

"Yes, I was mad," she said quietly; "but it is passed now. Arthur Lenox, henceforth we are parted for ever!"

The blood rushed into his face. Perhaps he had never loved the unselfish, noble girl better than at that moment, when she stood there, in the calm, cold dignity of one who knew and had chosen her path in life; and yet he never varied in his determination any more than herself.

"Is this your resolve, Bessie?" said he—

"It is," she replied.

"Then I find I am mistaken," said Arthur; "you love your sister more than you do me. It is for you to choose between us. I certainly decline to marry your family, but I once more renew my offer to yourself. Pause a moment before you send me from you. I am not one to be played with, and whistled off and on at pleasure."

"It is needless," said Bessie, quietly; "I am resolved, and content."

He bowed coldly, with a tinge of bitter mockery in his manner, and then left the room.

Bessie remained quiet and composed, but pale and cold. Hope was dead, if life was strong within her.

From that day Bessie Arden changed. She became by degrees a sad, reserved woman, rather than a blooming, brilliant girl. Her whole life was devoted to little Alice and to Philip, and none could have deemed that only five years divided her from one, and fifteen from the other, object of her care. She was twenty-five when Alice died, or rather when she was removed like a fair flower, to the heavenly garden above. But to any one who did not know her, Bessie seemed like a woman at least ten years older, and to the few who knew and appreciated her worth, and would gladly have won her, her answers were the same—"I shall never marry. Henceforth my life is Philip's, and what little fortune I possess is for him and his."

Another five years passed. Philip had been a grave and reserved youth, more devoted to Bessie and to study than to any light and youthful pursuits and amusements. And the brother and sister lived on in their modest home; and the fair and saucy girls of the neighborhood used to say that "The old maid sister was making her young brother as old and as stupid as herself." Perhaps she was.

Philip was grave and plain of feature; his face had a premature look of thought, and his manners were reserved almost to awkwardness, where women were concerned. And what mattered it to the giddy girls, who laughed gaily at his gravity, that the plain unprepossessing exterior concealed a heart as noble and an intellect as cultivated as could make the happiness of almost any woman.

Thus they went on till Philip was close on thirty, and Bessie midway between that age and forty. Then a change came; a great, sudden, and startling change.

The struggling man, heretofore earning his living by the patient exercise of his head and heart, and the woman, whose life had been spent in small acts of silent but not less real self-denial, were transported into an atmosphere of wealth and luxury. Arden Court and its belongings came into their possession, and the despised bachelor became a desirable *parti*. A flashed of delight passed over his face as he read the letter which brought the news to him. But in this case he was alone, and in the simple chamber where he read, wrote, and toiled—sometimes in solitude, sometimes with the patient, silent, sweet face of Bessie opposite to him. But in this case he was alone with his new found happiness, his strange excitement. It was a brief letter—legal and dry; but what a crimson flood it brought into the sallow cheek, and how the lips parted involuntarily with one brief word. That word was—"Marian."

Yes, the long expressed secret, the passion that had been crushed down in his heart, and scarcely confessed even to himself, at last broke forth in that one word. It expressed such a word of love and long-imprisoned hopes and joys and misgivings. Yes, now the confession might be made that had been so long locked in his inmost heart; now, he had some equivalent to offer for the rich prize he sought.

The owner of Arden, with its thousand a year, was not so utterly unworthy of the fair Marian Halloway, even though he was plain and reserved, with little vivacity, or grace, or wit, to compensate for his lack of personal attractions.

Marion was indeed deficient in all worldly wealth, however, rich in beauty, and grace and brilliancy. Her fair gold hair was the sole coronet that belonged to her: her violet eyes her sole jewels, and her faultless features her sole dowry. She was the orphan daughter of an officer's widow, and her father, a younger son of a family more ancient in blood than abounding in wealth, left little but his pension to his widow and his child.

So Marian grew up, fair and refined, with good blood betraying itself in every feature and gesture, and delicate limb, but with little training save her native grace, and with a heart more impulsive than a cultivated brain would have allowed. When Philip Arden first saw her he was dazzled by the fair vision—so bright, so girlish, so fresh, and so untouched by care or sorrow. He had never seen anything so lovely, so pure and refined.

Philip never dreamed of winning or wooing Marian; he scarcely even thought of love. He only knew that she gave light, and brightness, and joy wherever she went—that the sunshine was around her, and that her absence made a gloom and cloud where she had been. No one suspected it, not even Bessie. He did not allow it to himself; but she mingled with every thought where beauty and grace could be entwined.

Now there was a chance, a hope. It was not the wild, unconfessed madness that it had once been, to dream of Marian—to imagine her fairy form gracing the halls and the grounds, the apartments and the glades of Arden. He might ask her now. He could offer her a home worthy of her; a setting that would not disgrace the jewel.

It was strange, and yet quite in keeping with the true-hearted, unselfish character of the man, that his whole mind was engrossed rather with the meshes of golden hair in which his heart was entangled, than with the wealth of Arden Court and its belongings; more eager in speculating on the probable feelings of Marian, than the result of an examination into the rent-roll of his estates.

When Bessie entered her brother's room, with her quiet, subdued air and manner, and her eyes rested with half-wondering interest on his countenance, he started as guiltily, and his color deepened as flamingly, as if she could have read his whole heart.

The wonderful truth was soon made known; but not so soon the secret of his heart, which it promised to bring to light.

It was some weeks after this, when Philip mustered up resolution to lay his feelings open to Marian's mother. There could be little doubt of its result. No woman with Mrs. Halloway's narrow income would have scorned or disregarded so brilliant a prospect for her daughter; and few mothers of real sense, and true affection for a young and fatherless girl would have rejected for her the proffered love and care of a man so high-minded and estimable as Philip Arden. So she frankly and thankfully accepted his offer so far as she was concerned, and promised to use her utmost efforts with her daughter on his behalf.

For several days all went on quietly and gradually. Philip's visit to the cottage became more frequent and longer. Marian could not mistake their nature nor their object. At first she was shy, and unusually grave and thoughtful; but as she became more used to his society, and when the real worth and noble feelings of the unattractive suitor became more apparent even to her girlish mind, she became less shy and more natural—nay, more encouraging in her manner.

We will not even hint at any mercenary motive in the girl, but it was scarcely in woman's nature not to take into consideration the tempting prospect held out to her, in the offered hand and fortune of the master of Arden. So when at last on a summer's evening, while returning from a visit to Bessie at the modest home they were about to quit, Philip asked her to become his wife, she said "Yes," in a frank, yet beautifully confused tone. Yes, in three months hence, when the affairs were settled and when Bessie had arranged all at Arden

Court for their mutual home, she would become his wife. He was not to take up his abode at Arden without its fairest ornament.

Bessie was to live with them; and Philip in his large-hearted love for Marian, and all that belonged to her, had wished Mrs. Halloway to make it at least her principal resting-place. But the mother refused.

"I thank you—I believe you," she said; "but it is better not. I shall, for the present fulfil a long-delayed duty, and pay a visit to an old friend of my girlhood, who is in a hopeless, lingering illness. Then, when that is over, we will talk of my future. Perhaps I may live near you; perhaps some other plan may suggest itself. Who can tell, even for a few brief weeks, or even days?"

Was it prescience on the widow's part, or merely the natural doubtfulness of one who had known so many of the world's changes?

Then came the rapid, necessary arrangements for the future. Bessie Arden had insisted on providing Marian's trousseau. She said she must at least make that her wedding gift; and, if they could trust an old maid's taste, they would ask her at once to select it; but Marian must give her all necessary credentials, and then she would execute the commission to the utmost of her ability.

Such was Bessie's sweet sisterly offer to the young bride elect; and it was accepted, even in the same spirit that it was offered.

So Bessie went to London with Philip; he, to transact the necessary business, and to make generous settlements on his fair betrothed, and his sister to exercise a pure taste and liberal spirit in her purchases and arrangements for her young sister's establishment.

Scarcely had they left the neighborhood, when a letter came, announcing the suddenly increased illness of the old friend of whom Mrs. Halloway had spoken, and entertaining an earnest wish that she would go to her at once.

It was a perplexity, for Mrs. Halloway could scarcely take the betrothed bride to such a house of suffering; and besides, there might be a necessity for Marian to be nearer at hand than the distant spot where the invalid resided. The only alternative was, to allow Marian to accept the open proffered hospitality of a school friend, and leave her with the Grahams during the absence of her natural protectors.

Alas! "man proposes, but God disposes." The best-intentioned plans, the most carefully-considered arrangements, are too often deranged by the result of some unforeseen event. And so it was with the careful arrangements of Mrs. Halloway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Seaside Friend.

BY S. A. S.

IT was on an excessively hot and oppressive day, towards the latter end of August, that I took my departure from the well-nigh stifling atmosphere of London, for the quiet but delightful watering-place of Dalton.

I went alone, for though, at the period of which I am writing, I had but just completed my twentieth year, I was an orphan, and my father's death, which occured some years subsequent to that of my mother, had left me wholly unprovided for. Since that time—a period of two years—I had been compelled to accept a dependent position, and was now engaged as assistant-governess in a ladies' school of some celebrity.

At the request of Miss Lane (the lady in whose name the school was conducted,) I had remained at the establishment during the former and greater part of the vacation, in order that I might instruct some backward pupils, whose parents had wished them to remain for the holiday season, with a view to their further advancement in scholastic pursuits. Now, however, I was at liberty for the short term of a fortnight, and I longed for the fresh breezes and quiet life of the seaside.

I had chosen Dalton because I had often accompanied my father thither, and I had made arrangements to reside, during my brief visit, with the same person whose establishment he was wont to patronise.

A kind, motherly woman was Mrs. Lawrence, and very warmly did she receive me on the evening of my arrival. We had not met since my father's death, but she knew of the circumstance; and though she said nothing, I saw a tear glisten in her eye as she looked on the mourning garments which I still wore.

I soon discovered that I was not the only lady visitor at Mrs. Lawrence's. The apartments adjoining my own were occupied by a young lady not more than five years my senior.

She had been indisposed at the period of my arrival; but, on the second day of my visit, she inadvertently passed me as I was about to enter my chamber. Her face, momentary as was the glance I then caught of it, struck me as being irresistibly lovely. It was illumined by a smile of great sweetness; which, however, was tempered by an indefinable expression of sadness, which appeared passing strange in one so young and fair.

On the evening following that of the day on which I first beheld Miss Hargrave (for such I afterwards discovered her name to be), I was standing thoughtfully upon the beach, watching the tide swell gently up, when, happening to turn my head, I saw my fellow-lodger standing a few paces behind me.

She seemed to hesitate for a moment as she recognized my features. Then, coming frankly forward, she extended her hand, and said in a voice of great sweetness:

"Let us waive the ordinary conventionality of society, and dispense with a formal introduction. I know not why it is so, but I feel instinctively drawn towards you, though, as yet, I do not know your name. Let us be friends."

To such an appeal there could be but one response, which, sooth to say, I was not loth to make; and from that moment the affections of each flowed out to the other in full and spontaneous measures.

Though possessed of great conversational powers, in the exercise of which she would entertain me for hours together, Miss Hargrave was exceedingly reticent as regarded her own individual experiences. There were but few visitors at Dalton, and fewer still who appeared calculated to attract more than a passing observation. One there was, however, whom I often saw upon the beach. He was always alone, but appeared to find sufficient companionship in his own thoughts.

The stranger's appearance was of a very distinguished order: tall and commanding of stature, with features of a truly classical mould, he could not fail to impress the beholder.

Yet it was not these physical charms which so irresistibly attracted my interest; it was the earnest manner in which I frequently found him regarding my companion and myself—especially the former. Sometimes he would advance, as though with a sudden impulse, to address us, and then precipitately retire, leaving us to marvel at his singular behavior.

As for Miss Hargrave, she would sometimes appear strangely perturbed when we met the stranger; and one day she observed that she fancied she had once seen some one who bore a resemblance to him.

"It may be but fancy," she said, with quivering lip; and I saw that the subject was painful to her.

The time now drew near for my return to London, and very many were my new friend's expressions of regret that we must so soon be separated; but to all her persuasions that I would extend my stay at Dalton, I was compelled, though sadly against my inclination, to yield a steady refusal, for I knew that I dare not return to Miss Lane's establishment later than the appointed day.

* * * * * *

It was the evening previous to my departure, and Miss Hargrave and myself had strolled down to the beach for the last time together. We each felt languid and depressed, and in no mood for a lengthened walk, we therefore took possession of a favorite seat, and sat for some time in pensive silence.

"Amy," said my friend, at length, "I know not whether you have ever guessed it, but I have a secret locked away in my heart, which I have hoarded as a miser might his gold.

"I must carry you back with me, in imagination, for a period of four years; then I was a young, light-hearted girl, having just completed my twenty-first year. Many were my suitors, but I treated them with indifference, for one had touched my heart, and I knew not the passion of love.

"At the period I refer to, I accompanied my parents hither. Yes, Amy, we visited this very spot. Here it was that a great change passed over my heart. Here a seed took root within it; to bear a sweet, and yet, alas! a bitter blossom.

"Here I met with Dudly Wilton, and we were often together.

"At length he spoke of love, and when he asked me if I could return his affection, I could not answer "No," for all the wealth of my hitherto unopened heart was his.

"Long and earnestly he talked to me; telling me that the love I had awakened within his breast was mightier than death, and that it would burn on forever; and as he spoke his dark eye beamed with the noble emotions of his soul.

"Isabel," he at length exclaimed, "we must now part. I have told you of my love; you have confessed that you return it. We must not meet again until a year has passed away. You are very young, and I would that your heart should endure the test of time.

"And so we parted; and shortly after I returned home with my parents.

"Time wore on. Many were the suitors that sought my hand; but I refused them all. I would have withdrawn from gay society, but my parents, who had always themselves taken pleasure therein, would not hear of my doing so. Retirement suited my inclination better, for my chief delight was in thinking of Dudley.

"His love for me I never doubted. Knowing myself invulnerable, I gauged the strength of his affection by my own.

"At length a suitor addressed me, whom my parents were exceedingly anxious for me to favor, possessed of a title, riches, and considerable personal attractions; he was one whose attentions most girls would have been eager to secure. I, however, to my parents' dismay, resolutely declined his overtures, and when they continued their persuasions, I entreated them to desist, and to spare me the pain of renewing my refusal.

"They, however, were persuaded that in time I should get over my headstrong folly, as they termed it, and for this reason took me everywhere I should be likely to meet Lord Skilton. Thus it was that we were often seen together, and, by some means, I know not how, a report was circulated that we were shortly to be married. I suppose that there were some, who, seeing that Lord Skilton was in earnest, could not conceive of a rejection of his suit by the daughter of a mere surgeon.

"It was drawing near the time for me to meet Dudley Wilton, and I urged my parents to repair, without delay, to Dalton.

"They were unwilling at first, but having made, as I afterwards learnt, an arrangement with Lord Skilton to join us there shortly after our arrival, they consented.

"Well do I remember the bright summer morning on which we set out. How long the journey seemed! Dudley would be waiting for me on the beach, I thought; for, though the year had not expired, he would surely be looking out for me every hour. We passed within sight of the beach as we drove to our apartments, but he was not there. Very desolate looked the sands on that summer afternoon, and, I know not why, a blank deserted feeling crept over my heart as I gazed upon them.

"Shortly after we had entered the house, a maid sought my private apartment, bringing me a letter, addressed in a masculine hand.

"My heart smote me as I took it. I could scarcely break the seal, for I felt a presentiment of evil. When I had opened it, I read the following lines:

"'Farewell! Though my heart is breaking, I do not repent that I gave you the year of probation. I feared your love for me, though you fancied it so strong, might not be able to bear the test of time. May you be happy with him, who, though he can endow you with a title, cannot give a purer, truer love than that which will forever burn within the bosom of Dudley Wilton.'

"The letter, in a brief postscript, contained the information that the writer intended sailing immediately for a foreign clime, and that he knew not when, if ever he should return to England.

"Oh! Amy," continued my friend, 'I cannot describe the anguish of that hour. Long I hovered between life and death. At length the balance turned in favor of the former, and I recovered. I adjured my parents never again to speak to me of marriage; and they, overjoyed at my restoration as it were from the grave, urged me no further. Since then I have cherished still more ardently the white flower of a perfect love for Dudley Wilton. I chid him not; I knew he was mistaken. I never doubted his love; and, while I had compassion on my own great anguish, I pitied his, for I knew it must be great. I persuaded my parents this year to suffer me to come hither alone, save the attendance of my maid, for I wish to roam at will among the scenes which had been hallowed by Dudley's presence. And he—ah! me—I fear he may by this time have passed from earth.'

"Not so, thank Heaven!" exclaimed a deep, rich voice behind us.

"It is he! I know his voice," cried Isabel, as she fell fainting into my arms.

It was the stranger whom we had so often seen on the beach. When Isabel recovered, he explained all. After an absence of three years, he had returned to England, unable to find rest abroad. Here he had sought the scene where he had first spoken of love. Here, too, he beheld once more his ever-treasured Isabel, whom he had believed to be the wife of another. He had recognized her, though his residence in a foreign clime had so altered his own appearance that she had been able only to trace a faint resemblance to her lover.

Often an inward impulse had impelled him to address her, but he had resisted. To night, however, he had been standing near, unobserved by us, and happening to hear Isabel pronounce his own name, he had listened, and been persuaded of her love.

Who shall tell the joy of each? When I left Dalton on the following day I bore with me an invitation, of which Isabel said she would take no denial, to act as bridesmaid in the following spring; for Isabel well knew that her father would give his consent to Dudley's suit, since doing so would conduce to her happiness.

And when the winter had passed, they were married. Oh! how happy they are! The affection between Isabel and myself is but strengthened by time; and now that I am married, it is to me one of life's greatest joys to entertain, or to be guest of my seaside friend.

ADVICE TO CHURCH GOERS.—Don't go to sleep. Don't bring the baby with you. Don't sing if you don't know how. Don't sit down on your new silk hat. Don't put counterfeit coin in the plate. Don't stay home on collection Sundays. Don't read your book during the sermon. Don't go in late if you wear squeaky boots. Don't take a sneezing fit if you can help it. Don't try to make children sit as still as Egyptian mummies. Don't be an active talker in church matters unless you are an active worker. Don't keep your religion in the pocket of your Sunday coat. Don't think everybody went to church just to see what you've got on. Don't pull a pint of peanuts out of your pocket with your handkerchief. Don't get red and give yourself away if something in the sermon hits you in a sore spot. Don't give your umbrella to a bevy of pretty girls and go home in a drenching rain. Don't do any inward swearing if a fly plays hop-scotch on that bald spot. Don't stare every girl in church out of countenance because some girls like it.

THE SOCIAL VIRTUES.—The best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feelings in little matters, to desire to soothe and please others, the trifles of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

WHEN you think the world cannot get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you bald headed.

Bric-a-Brac.

IRISH BUTTER.—In Ireland the butter-trade is regulating by act of Parliament. The farmers assemble in the morning and have all their casks arranged in the market place, when the authorized coopers proceed to take out the head of each cask, and the town inspectors follow without knowing to whom the packages belong, and marking the quality of each with proper distinguishing character.

THE GREATEST EVIL.—The Persian author Sadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question—Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience; while the Persian bowing low, replied, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed to light the darksome way!"

A BIG FAMILY.—A Virginia lady named Estepa, now in her 91st year, is probably the head of the largest family on the continent. She is the mother of twelve children—nine sons and three daughters—the grandmother of eighty-six children, the great grandmother of one hundred and forty-six children, and the great-great-grandmother of ten children—two hundred and fifty-four souls in all. One son has only one child and another only two children, so that the other ten children have eighty-three sons and daughters—an average of more than eight to each.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.—The earth's eastward rotation, together with the increase in rate from the poles to the equator, has a tendency to throw the waters of streams against their western banks sufficient to produce quite marked effects in many parts of the world. It is noticeable in large rivers where the deposits are earthy, and the pitch of the water is small and in the direction of the stream, the bank against which the water strikes the more forcibly being high and steep while the other is low. The effect has been observed in many streams of Europe and Asia, and on the rivers intersecting the low land of the Atlantic border of the United States.

MENNONITE MINISTERS.—The Mennonites have a unique method of choosing a minister. They nominate candidates, and the candidates meet and "draw lots" for the position. The drawing is simple. A bishop or elder takes a number of hymn books, all of which are alike, and places in one of them a slip of paper on which is written, "It is your lot." The candidates then select the books, which are piled up or placed in a row, and the one who draws the paper is declared the preacher and is installed immediately. Thus the least popular of the candidates is as likely to secure the position as the one who received the greatest number of votes when the nominations were made. The preacher receives no salary.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Lord Audley sent to Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, the following receipt, hearing "that he and his wife were ill." It is called "a good medycen for weknes or consumpcion:" "Take a sowe pygge of ix days old and fley him, and quarter him, and putt hiym in a stillytorie, wythe a handfel of spere mint, a handfel of red fenell, a handfel of lyverworte, half a handfel of red nepe, a handfel of clayre, and nine dates, clean pyked and pared, a handfel of great reasons and pyke out the stones, and a quarter of a ounce of mace, and two stykes of good synamu, bressed in a mortar and sett yt yn the sonne nine days and drinke nine spoonfulles of yt at ones when yowe list."

THE TREASURE GUARD.—The use a Hindoo usually puts the cobra snake to is to guard his buried treasure. Hindoos who own much jewelry and hard cash generally bury both in order to keep the same secure. They put the money, precious stones, jewelry &c, into a large earthen pot, place in it a cobra, then hermetically seal the jar. Thus deprived of air the cobra lives for years. Very often government officers come across such jars during digging and excavating, and great care is taken that when the pot is broken no cobra shall take the treasure-seeker unaware. Nearly every Hindoo looks upon the cobra as the most powerful god in the mythology, and one that ought to be verily worshipped in fear and trembling.

THE MUSIC OF THE BIBLE.—The Hebrews of old were extremely fond of music, and used instruments as national emblems. Some Hebrew coins had two trumpets on one side, some a harp, and others of later date a figure roughly representing an organ. The last coin struck by the Jews as an independent people had a three-stringed lyre on one of its sides. On studying certain Biblical texts it becomes certain that the Hebrews had music in many different styles—that for the temple worship, sacred songs, military music, triumphal music, erotic or love; bridal, funereal, elegaic, secular, convivial, and so on. Lampoon songs were common; hence the phrase "The drunkards make songs upon me." It is certain that that the Hebrews believed, in common with other ancient people, in the efficacy of music in mental aberration; for King Saul's servants said: "Seek out a man who is a cunning player on a harp, and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand and thou shall be well." The greatest king among the Hebrews was also their greatest poet and musician. The prophets were musicians and confessed to the power of the art. Hebrew music had a reputation in Babylon, where Jews as captives were asked to sing "one of the songs of Zion."

A RELIC.

BY C. DAYNE.

What's this? A lock of woman's hair
Among my dusty papers?
'Tis like a breath of country air
In city smoke and vapors.
A golden tress! Ah yes, I know,
'Twas Ethel's hair twelve years ago.

Twelve years ago! How strangely times
Have altered, since together
We listened to the village chimes
Out there among the heather.
We listened, after church on Sunday,
Careless of colds and Mrs. Grundy.

And, oh that day, that glorious day
When, floating down the river,
While all the town behind us lay,
We plighted troth together.
The future, and still, more the present,
To us just then seemed not unpleasant.

Sweet Ethel! Still I seem to see
Alas! 'tis only seeming—
That golden head quite close to me,
Those tender, dark eyes beaming.
The lips from which came, soft and low,
The unmurmured "Yes," twelve years ago.

And then, why did we pause so long?
I know I loved you dearly
In those old days; how things went wrong,
I can't remember clearly.
We loved, and yet somehow we tarried,
Till both got tired, and you got—married.

Ah, well! I'll put the tress away,
In this old escritoire;
Last time we met your hair was gray,
And now—we meet no more.
Above your grave the grasses mingle,
And I am forty, fat and single.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

GABRIEL'S SEARCH.

ONE bright September day two young men might have been seen walking through the wood that formed a natural screen to Barton Abbey. As the trees grew less dense and the edge of the wood was reached, the younger of the two pedestrians paused with a cry of admiration.

Before them was a fine old-fashioned mansion—a mansion with broad terraces and diamond-paned windows, with picturesque gables covered with ivy—the home, evidently of a gallant, noble race, whose memories lingered with it. There was not a room without its legend, not a terrace or a corridor that had not its story. Cyril, Lord Ardean, told his friend and companion, Gabriel Holmes; and perhaps the saddest story of all was that which belonged to the western terrace, which was overlooked by a superb suite of rooms known as the "Duchess's wing."

Once upon a time a royal duchess had mated with one of the Ardeans, and, to make the ancient Abbey a fit abode for royalty, a magnificent wing had been added to the house, and was called after the distinguished lady, the "Duchess's wing." The story connected with it was of a young and beautiful daughter of the House of Ardean, who loved a young soldier who had nothing but his sword, his handsome face and his good birth to recommend him. She loved him with the fatal passion peculiar to her race. She was, however, forbidden to speak to him or to see him, and for greater security she was shut up in the "Duchess's wing." There, day after day, she wasted away, refusing food and drink. She sat always with her head leaning against the framework of one of the windows of her room, where great scarlet passion flowers grew in rich clusters; and there she died. Some of the family were out on the terrace in the evening light and saw the sheen of her golden hair through the clusters of passion-flowers. The wind was high, and was bending the branches and destroying the flowers. Suddenly, with a gust of wind, came a long low cry. When those who had heard it went to the room, the girl was dead. That same summer evening her lover died at the same hour on the battle-field. It was a tradition of the house that since that time a like sound—the rushing of the wind and a low moaning cry—was always heard at the death of any member of the family.

"Do you really believe it?" asked Gabriel, when Lord Ardean paused.

"Yes, I do. It may be a coincidence; but on the night that my two young kinsmen were killed on the Tyrol no one could sleep in the Abbey because of the terrible noise made by the wind. The old Lord was very anxious and nervous about it; but he was told that it blew everywhere except in the terrace; upon hearing that he became content. The same thing happened on the night preceding his own death. Every one was awake and this time every one anticipated the event.

"Have you ever heard the sound?" asked Gabriel.

Lord Ardean's face grew a shade paler.

"The legend is that the Ardean over whom the doom of death lies hears the sound first, but in a quiet, subdued fashion. I hope you will not think me superstitious when I say that I have heard it. However, we will not talk about it any more, Gabriel. Though the day is warm and the sun bright the remembrance makes my blood run cold. It is a fine old house, is it not? We will go round to the grand entrance on the south side. I like a house that faces the south, do you not?"

But Gabriel had had little experience. He thought of the south lodge at Langton Wolde and smiled. The sensation he was experiencing was a strange one. He knew, as he looked at the magnificent old house, with its fair surroundings, that it was all his—all his own—and that the so-called lord who walked by his side had no claim to it. His heart beat fast as his eyes fell upon the glorious prospect, the fertile lands, the bonnie woods, all his own, his birthright, which no man could take from him. Yet, notwithstanding all its glories, he would surrender the place, he would abandon all idea of ever claiming it, rather than injure his mother. He saw all the beauty of her heritage; but love for his mother was before all.

He asked himself, as they crossed a rustic bride thrown over the river, whether it was honorable in him, that he, who might perhaps some day claim these fair lands as his own, should be there with Cyril now; but he said to himself that assuredly there was nothing dishonorable in it. He had not invited himself; he had gone expressly to please Cyril, who had avowed himself ill and out of spirits, and who had besought him to stay with him for a week, for he felt quite unfit to be alone. He was not there to gratify his own curiosity, but to please the man who called him friend.

Gabriel's face grew pale with emotion as they skirted the house. It was here that the one romance of his mother's life had begun and ended. He pictured his father as she had described him, riding through the woods. How often had his father stood where he stood now and looked upon the same beautiful view? He could say but little; his heart was so full.

They presented a great contrast, these two—the false heir and the true one. Cyril was dark, with a certain veil of melancholy over his face. His lips were tightly closed, as though he were constantly repressing pain. Gabriel was quite as tall, with a well-knit, manly figure and a beautiful head, regular features, blue eyes, and thick clusters of dark golden hair.

Gabriel was in heart and soul a poet. The fragrance of a flower, the song of a bird, the ripple of a stream, the light of the stars, were all so many sources of happiness to him. Children never passed him without a smile. His sunny nature drew them to him with an irresistible force.

So the young men stood side by side, both looking at the home each believed to be his, and Cyril sighed deeply as he gazed around.

"It is a beautiful place," he said, slowly; "yet to me, Gabriel, the shadow of death always rests upon it."

"I do not see why it should," returned Gabriel. "Were you here much in the late lord's lifetime?"

"No—very little. I never dreamed of the inheritance in my youth. There were the late lord, his two sons, and Captain Carlisle between me and the title. I never even thought of it. That I should eventually succeed to it never crossed my mind."

The name of his father filled the young poet with mingled happiness and pain.

"Cyril," he said, "did you know Captain Carlisle?"

"Yes, after a fashion. I came once to the Abbey on a visit when he was here. I was a boy then at Eton, and he was in the army I remember him, though."

"What was he like?" asked Gabriel breathlessly.

"He was a handsome, noble looking man. I do not remember more than that. He rode magnificently, was a good shot, and excelled in every manly accomplishment. I remember one thing more—he was engaged to his cousin Lady Mary Trevor. The ladies used to talk a great deal about it. I never saw her."

"Did the Ardeans like him?" asked Gabriel.

"Yes, I am sure they did. The old earl was very kind of him, and so was Lady Ardean."

"Did you like him?"

"Yes, very much. He was just the kind of man that boys admire—brave and generous. His death was lamented by every one. I remember shedding tears over it. He was killed in a railway accident."

"And, if he had lived," said Gabriel, slowly, "he would have been Lord Ardean."

"Yes," replied Cyril;" and I wish with all my heart he had lived. I wish, poor fellow, that he had married and left an heir; I should have liked it much better."

Gabriel looked at him in wonder.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you do not care for this grand old place and the title that goes with it?"

"I do mean it. They are both useless to me. I will tell you some day a secret about myself which will surprise you—but not now. You seem interested in this Captain Lewis Carlisle. I am not quite sure, but I think there is a fine portrait of him in the dining room at the Abbey here. I know that Lady Ardean was very fond of him and she had a mania for fine portraits. There is one, I know, of Lady Mary Trevor, the lady whom he was engaged to marry."

"Did you ever hear why he did not marry her?" asked Gabriel wondering much what the general idea about the matter was.

"He would have married her but for his sudden and terrible death. He was killed on his way to Scarsdale Park, where she lived, and it was generally believed that he was going there to make arrangements for the marriage. I wish with all my heart that he had married her, and had left a son of his own to succeed him. Only Heavens knows who will succeed me? This," added Cyril, more brightly, "is the south entrance, Gabriel; and in my opinion, is the finest part of the building."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN hour afterwards the two young men were seated before an excellent luncheon. Lord Ardean had been anxiously expected by the whole household, yet it seemed so strange to him to be there as Lord and master. Every one thought that he looked ill. Some of the old servants who had no interests away from the house were distressed and anxious about him.

Almost the first thing Lord Ardean did was to take Gabriel into the dining-room and show him the portrait of Captain Carlisle.

"This is the portrait I told you about," said Cyril. He was a fine, military-looking man. By-the-way, Gabriel," he added, with sudden wonder, looking first at the portrait, and then at the young man's face, "it is not unlike you. What a strange thing!"

Gabriel's face, as he heard the remark, flushed hotly.

"All fair men are alike," he said, trying to laugh it off. "It is you dark men who differ so much."

"Fair or not," returned Cyril, "you are really like this portrait, Gabriel. You have the same brow and lips. You might have been Lewis Carlisle's brother."

Ah, if he knew! Gabriel longed to tell him of the relationship. He had been just a little startled by Cyril's words; but he was both pleased and proud to hear them.

Lord Ardean went away to give some orders, and Gabriel was left looking at the pictured face of his dead father. As he looked the eyes seemed to smile at him.

"I wonder, father," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "if you know that you have a son living? I make you this promise, father: though all this place is mine I will never claim it to the detriment of my mother's fair fame, though with it I could claim my love. I will forego it all for my mother's sake. She shall be first in the world to me always;" and it seemed to his excited fancy that a smile passed over the pictured face.

So that was his father. He could remember that as a child, when he had heard the village children talking about their fathers, he had wondered much about his. He had gone to Jane Holmes and asked her where his father was. She had told him always, "Dead and gone to heaven." He had tried to think what his father was like whom he had never seen; and now at length he saw him, and his heart throbbed with pride. It was dear to him to know that this handsome young soldier, this gallant-looking gentleman, was his father. He was still standing before the picture when Cyril returned.

"You are a hero-worshiper, Gabriel; "I shall be quite content with that."

And it was agreed that the picture should be copied.

"Would you like to look round the house," asked Lord Ardean, "or would you prefer resting after your journey?"

"I am not in the least tired," answered Gabriel; "and I am longing to look over the place. Still, if you are tired I will wait."

"No," said Cyril, listlessly; "we will go now; then you will know your way about, and in what rooms to seek amusement. I am afraid you will find it very dull to be here alone with me, Gabriel."

"Dull," his friend repeated—"In this most beautiful spot? Why, Cyril, you must be either ill or out of spirits to think that any one could be dull here!"

"I envy you your capacity for enjoyment," said the young lord. "I would give all I possess to be as you are, Gabriel."

"I cannot understand why," answered Gabriel.

"Can you not? You have genius, superb health, and plenty of vitality and animation. You have the very best gifts that Heaven gives to man."

"And you have the same," said Gabriel.

"No; I have not. I will tell you some day which of those gifts I lack that makes all the others quite useless to me. Now come and let us go around the house. It is quite a museum of art. You will find within those walls old pictures, old china, old silver. There are buhl and marquetry enough to stock half the mansions in the country. These Ardeans seem to me to have amused themselves in seeking to increase their store of wonders. Every corner in the old place is filled. It is said that we have the finest collection of old china in England. As for old books and manuscripts, you will see for yourself the number and the value of them. Of what use in the world are they all to me?"

"Of the same use as to any one else," replied Gabriel.

"Ah, no," said Lord Ardean with a sigh, "they are not! However, I look upon Barton Abbey as a storehouse of treasures," he continued. "You will see, Gabriel, that a fortune has been spent upon works of art alone."

They went through the rooms; and, much as Gabriel had heard of the wonders they contained, he marveled greatly at what he saw. When they reached the library, with its hundreds of valuable volumes, he turned to Cyril.

"And with all this," he said, "you are not happy?"

"No," was the melancholy reply. "It is all very beautiful; but it does not add to my happiness one iota."

"It would to mine," said Gabriel. "I could not wish for anything better than that library."

"I wish I could give it to you just as it stands. I know no one who would make a better use of it."

They went through room after room, until Gabriel's eyes ached with all that he saw. He felt bewildered when he reflected that it was all his own. Would this house ever be his home? Would he ever take his rightful place? If so, would Cyril suffer?

No matter what he saw, he was true to one thought. Nothing should ever induce him to bring the faintest shadow on his mother's fair and honored name. Were Barton Abbey twice as grand, were its art-treasures twice as valuable, he would give up all rather than that his dear mother should suffer the slightest pang.

"Now, Gabriel, rest for a few minutes. I have ordered an early dinner; and we will drive out in the evening, if that will please you."

"Anything will please me," rejoined Gabriel, wondering why Cyril was always so dull and miserable.

"I was here for a week just after the late lord's death," said Cyril "and I shall never forget it. I would not be alone in this great house again for the world. I am afraid, Gabriel, that my state does not sit on me well. I was much happier in my London chambers."

"That is force of habit," replied Gabriel. But Cyril shook his head.

"No; I am not well, and my nerves are unstrung. When I sit in these rooms alone I people them with strange fancies."

"You may not always be alone," said Gabriel. "Do you never think of getting married and bringing some fair, loving wife here to cheer you and to make the place like home?"

"Yes, I have had that dream," answered the young lord, sadly; "but it has passed away, and no other will ever come in its place. I will tell you, Gabriel. I loved Lady May Flemyng—loved her with all my heart; and if anything could have saved me, marriage to her would."

"Then why did you not propose to her?" said Gabriel, winding.

"I did, and she refused me—kindly and gently as ever any one was refused, but firmly. She told me that she should never change her mind; and when she saw that I still clung to some faint hope, she explained the reason why."

"What was it?" asked Gabriel, breathlessly. He did not stop to think that his question was scarcely prudent.

"Because," was the grave reply, "she loved some one else. She told me so quite frankly. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'to give you pain; but it is better to speak plainly. I cannot marry you; I cannot love you now or ever—because I love some one else.' There was a frankness and an honesty about the confession which made me admire her more than ever."

"Did you ever learn who it was that she loved?" asked Gabriel; and this time his voice was hoarse with emotion.

"No. I have always imagined it was Lord Aberdale. I thought at the time that my heart would have broken; but now I thank Heaven she did not love me. It would have been a thousand times worse if she had. I cannot say how grateful I am to you, Gabriel," he added, "for coming hither with me. I should have been most miserable alone. I have never made many friends, have asked no one to visit me. The fact is, I—I have something hanging over me which has taken all the zest from life. I would give all I had to be as you are. Let us go to dinner now, and afterwards we will decide what drive to take."

During dinner Gabriel asked if they were far from the town of Welde, and the young lord answered, "No—only a few miles."

"Is Weldhome far from here?" asked Gabriel. "Lady Lulworth lived at Weldhome when she was a girl."

"Yes," replied Cyril; "she was very fond of talking to me about Weldhome and Barton Abbey. I think she liked the whole neighborhood extremely. She told me she had not seen the Abbey since her marriage. I urged her to come, and to bring her children with her; but she would not hear of it. Lord Lulworth was quite willing. It would have made the place seem more like home to me. I cannot understand how she refused to come."

But Gabriel understood. He knew that to his mother such a visit would have been fraught with intense pain. He longed, with a passionate intensity that astonished himself, to speak of her.

"Do you like Lady Lulworth?" he asked—he felt that he must utter her name.

For the first time Cyril looked really pleased and interested.

"Like her?" he replied. "'Like' is not a suitable word. I think no other woman in the world is like her. She is the least, the grandest woman I have ever [illegible]. You do not know how much I admire her, Gabriel. I could never tell you. I am [illegible] served, they say, by nature; but I adore her. I think the earl and Countess are the most perfect pair in the kingdom."

He might have wondered why Gabriel flushed so deeply. The very depths of the young man's heart were stirred at hearing his mother spoken of so lovingly.

"To tell you the truth," continued Lord Ardean, with a faint smile, "I have often felt jealous of you; for Lady Lulworth is kinder to you than to any one else."

"The earl educated me," said Gabriel, quietly; "and as a matter of course, her ladyship is interested in me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

GABRIEL rose early the next morning. He wanted to go to Weldhome alone, to look at the house which had been his mother's home, to walk where her feet had trod, to gaze upon the same scenes on which her eyes had rested, to think over her sweet girlish romance and its terrible ending. It seemed so strange that he should be in the midst of the scenes that had been so vividly described to him by his mother.

So he started away early in the morning, while the dew was on the grass, to look at his mother's home. Lady Kilmore had let it many years since. When her niece was married to Lord Lulworth, there seemed to her no necessity for keeping up a large establishment; so she let Weldhome at

a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, where she enjoyed life with a zest that few people have for it.

Woldhome was just what his mother had described it to be—a pretty, picturesque manor-house. Gabriel saw the windows of the rooms wherein his young mother had dreamed her love dream, and had suffered the agony of her widowhood. He could fancy her gazing in hopeless misery from those windows, he could imagine all the pain she had suffered, he could picture the tall, slender figure amongst the trees waiting for the lover she loved so well.

Were these the same description of flowers? he wondered. Had she gathered roses from these trees, lilies from that bed? Had she stood waiting here on the day that her young husband was killed—waiting while the sun set and the moon rose, for him whom she was never to see again?

Gabriel's mind was full of his mother. What a romance here was!—what a sweet, sad love-story! Who would have guessed it or believed it? They walked, perhaps—the slender, golden-haired girl and her lover—under those trees. How he wished that he could have seen his father only once, heard his voice, knew something of him more substantial than these shadows, which vexed him by their vagueness!

He longed to go inside the house, but that was impossible; he must invent some pretext for it another day. The wonder was that he did not betray himself, for his mind and heart were so full of the living mother and the dead father that he could think of nothing else. He viewed the house from different points, feeling that he could not leave the spot. At length he became aware that he was attracting attention. More than one face had appeared at the windows, more than one person had passed him with a look of wonder as to what he could be doing there. He returned to the Abbey in time for breakfast, and found the young lord anxiously awaiting him.

"Gabriel, I am glad to see you; I was afraid you had received a message or telegram, and had gone."

Gabriel laughed at his rueful face.

"If I had, my dear Cyril, you could not have looked more miserable. You forget that you can get plenty of friends who will be pleased to come and stay with you."

"But no one for whom I care as I do for you, Gabriel.

"Well, you can travel about, Cyril; you are not compelled to remain here."

"No," replied the young lord, with a shudder; "I could not stay here alone. How long do you think you can remain, Gabriel?"

"I must go next Tuesday; I cannot stay a day longer.

"Are you going to a place to which you can take me?" asked Lord Ardean.

"I am afraid not," was the reply. "I am going on confidential business—to make certain inquiries—and I am afraid I must go alone."

"Give up the Marquis of Doone; let him find another secretary, and do you come and live with me. You shall be just what you like—agent, steward, secretary, friend, brother. I will make it worth your while. You see I like to be with you; you are good tempered, light-hearted, and always cheerful and bright. It is like another life when you are with me. Will you come and live with me? Remember that I have liked you from the beginning of our acquaintance. I told Lady Ludworth that I would give much to have you with me here at Barton Abbey."

"What did she say?" asked Gabriel, with some curiosity.

"To my surprise," replied Lord Ardean, "she was silent, and turned from me with tears in her eyes. I thought she would have been pleased, as she had seemed to take such interest in you."

"Perhaps she was pleased, but did not like to talk about her old home," said Gabriel.

"That must have been the reason. But Gabriel, what do you say? You would be very happy here with me—indeed, you, not I, would be the real master of Barton Abbey. I wish you would think of it. I—I have another reason, which I will not tell you until you are going. I believe it would prolong my life if you would come."

But Gabriel would make no promise. He said he would think of the proposal. He wondered what was wrong with Cyril and what shadow hung over his life.

"You will bring home a wife some day, Cyril and you will find her the best companion."

"No," replied Lord Ardean, sadly; "I shall bring no wife home. Love and marriage are not for me. Do not speak of such a thing again, Gabriel; it pains me. Think of what I have said to you—whether you can be a true friend or brother to me while I live."

His voice broke, tears filled his eyes, and he turned away abruptly.

So the week passed, and Monday evening came; on the morrow Gabriel was to leave Barton Abbey. The fine weather had suddenly come to an end, and on Monday evening, there was a terrible thunderstorm, which lasted for more than two hours. The two friends watched it from the library window until the thunder ceased and there was the lull that always follows a tempest.

They retired early. Gabriel remembered that after he reached his room the great hall clock chimed eleven. He was not excited, but he was restless and wakeful. He thought a great deal about Cyril. He was sorry to leave him, because he saw that there was something wrong with him. What it was he could not imagine; but it was evidently something that spoiled his life. He lay thinking of this and of all that he had to do on the morrow, when suddenly there came a violent blast of wind, and, as it swept by, he heard a low cry.

He was sleeping in the room he had chosen himself—a spacious chamber in the western wing. He did not at first remember the legend—he had scarcely thought of it since he heard it; but, recollecting that he had left the window a little way open, he went to close it, fearing that the wind might do some damage. He drew aside the blind, and, to his intense surprise, he found that the night was perfectly calm; the moon was shining brightly, there was not a cloud in the sky, not a branch or leaf was stirring—yet, standing there, he heard plainly the sound of a rushing wind and a low cry.

Suddenly, remembering the legend, he became afraid; but he would not give way to the nervous feeling. He had never been superstitious, and he would not believe in the "death-wind of Barton Abbey," as it was commonly called.

Certainly it was most extraordinary. There was the sound, as plain as any sound could be, as of a great rush of wind; and, as it died away, he could hear a low cry; yet not a leaf or a branch stirred—there was the most perfect stillness.

"There is some natural cause for the sound," he said to himself; "and if I return I will find it out."

After a few minutes he heard the sound of suppressed voices, of footsteps passing his door, and he knew that the household were on the alert and listening to the noise.

It lasted for half an hour, and when the last faint cry had died away, he wondered to find himself trembling with cold.

He fell asleep soon afterward, and forgot what had disturbed him, until the face of the valet who entered his room next morning brought it to his mind.

"Did you hear the death-wind on the western terrace last night, sir?" asked the man.

When Gabriel told him that he did not believe in anything of the kind, he raised his hands and eyes in wonder.

"It is true, sir," he said—"perfectly true. When the wind blows with that moaning sound along the terrace, one of the Ardeans dies as sure as the sun sets. When it is the head of the house, he hears it himself in a different manner; but when it is not the head, we all hear it."

Gabriel did not feel quite comfortable; but he would not show any sign of fear. When he met Cyril he saw that the young lord's face was paler than usual, and that under his eyes were black shadows, as though he had not slept. He shook Gabriel by the hand, and looking earnestly at him, said:

"Have you heard what they are all saying—that the death-wind was blowing last night on the terrace. Did you hear it?"

"I heard what you call the death-wind, Cyril; but I do not believe in it. Let me examine the terrace well when I return, and I will prove to you that there is some natural cause to account for it. Did you hear it yourself?"

"No; that is, I heard a little of it."

"Then," laughed Gabriel, "according to your theory, you ought to be quite at your ease. You told me that, when the warning comes for the head of the house, he always hears it in a different fashion."

Suddenly he turned pale. Who was the real head of the house? Himself, and not Cyril! He would have given words to unsay what he had said.

"Do not let us talk about it, Gabriel," said Lord Ardean. "The scared looks of all the people in the house are quite enough; we want no more. We will go to breakfast now, and afterward I must speak to you. I have deferred it until the last moment. I must tell you now."

They sat down to breakfast; but Gabriel saw that Lord Ardean did not touch anything.

"I am sure," said Gabriel, at last, "that that foolish nonsense about the death-wind has made you ill."

"No, it has not," replied Lord Ardean. "Whether the legend be true or not, whether the warning be for me or not, it is all the same; my doom has been fixed for some time. It is that I want to tell you. I did not mean to reveal my secret; but it seems to me, Gabriel, that I shall find ease and comfort in telling you. I do not understand myself how it is, but if you had been my own brother I could not have loved you more."

The sad, reserved man put one arm on the shoulder of his companion, who was touched to the heart by this evidence of affection.

"You have seen for yourself, Gabriel," he continued, "how little I care for what other men call my great fortune; how indifferent I am to all that I possess."

"Yes, I have seen it with surprise," returned Gabriel; "for of all men, you seem to me the most to be envied."

"I am the least to be envied. Fate might have done me one good turn to make up for many bad ones; but she refused. If Lady May had loved me I might have battled against that which is eating my life away, or at least her love would have given me the only chance of happiness I shall ever have in this world; but it was not to be. I must bear my fate like a man, and not complain like a child. You see," he continued, "that I try to ward off my own doom, as it were, by not disclosing what I think. I suppose that, like all nervous people, I imagine that while a thing is unrevealed it is not likely to happen; but this is the truth, Gabriel, this is my doom—and it hangs over my head like a funeral-pall. I have not long to live; my days are numbered, and their number is few."

Gabriel looked up with infinite pity in his face.

"My dearest Cyril, I hope you are mistaken. Surely what you tell me cannot be true."

"It is true," replied his friend. "It is hard to realize it, because I look well and strong; but this doom of an early death has been hanging over me for some years. When I received the news that my present title and these broad lands had fallen to me, I laughed aloud in the bitterness of my heart. Of what use were they to me except to make the bitterness of my doom even more bitter?"

"But, Cyril, you are not ill. You walk and talk, eat and drink, like the rest of us; there is no sign of illness in your face. It is true you do not look strong, but I see no sign of death, or even of danger. You exaggerate your case, I think. You must consult one of the best physicians."

"I have seen so many. No one has ever fought for his life as I have done for mine—fought with shadows—dark shadows—fought with bitter pain; but it is unavailing; and you cannot think, Gabriel, what it is like—this constant dread. I do not see things as others see them: I look upon everything with the eyes of a dying man."

"You are worth many dead men yet," said Gabriel, hoping to cheer him; but there was something in the young lord's face which told how utterly hopeless he was.

"You will know when I have told you all," he went on, "how vain it is for me to think of hope. I will tell you the history of my malady. It began when I was quite a boy. Perhaps if I had spoken about it then there might have been a chance; but like all manly boys, I was ashamed of being ill, ashamed of pain, and I would not speak about it. At times it was so bad that it forced tears from my eyes. I have been punished oftener than I can count for duties left undone because the pain was so intolerable. I can see now that it was a false standard of excellence to set up; then I deemed it the height of manliness. I had read the story of the Spartan boy and the fox, and thought I could do the same. I do not believe he suffered more. Ah, Gabriel, it does me good to confess to you! I have suffered so much, and I have kept it all to myself. Perhaps, if I had had a gentle, loving mother my case might have been different; but who cared for me?"

"What is the pain like?" asked Gabriel, whose kindly eyes had filled with tears at the thought of this desolate, pain-laden life.

"I will tell you as well as I can. It is near my heart. At first there is a slight pain, something like the prick of a pin, and this gradually increases in intensity; when it grows intolerable I faint away, never knowing whether I shall open my eyes again. When I have been in strange houses, either visiting or on business, and it has seized me, I have placed my handkerchief in my mouth and have bitten it through in the effort to hide my agony; but at times it gets too strong for me. The last attack will soon come, and then there will be an end of me."

"But," cried Gabriel, in an agony of alarm, "you should seek advice! There is a remedy for every ailment."

"None has been found for mine," said the young lord. "As I told you, Gabriel, I fought with it during by boyhood and all the time that I was growing into manhood. There were times when I thought it was better, and I grew more cheerful. One day—I remember the day so well—I had run down to Ramsgate with a friend of mine, Horace Singleton, and we were standing together on the cliffs. The pain seized me there, and I bore it as long as I could; then I fell upon the ground. I thought I was dying. He gave me some brandy, and, when I had recovered, he said to me, 'Cyril, do you know that you have some disease of the heart?' I answered 'No.' 'You should go to a clever doctor without loss of time,' he said. 'No disease of the heart, however, trifling, can exist without danger.' I did not like the grave, anxious look on my friend's face; so shortly afterwards I went to a doctor at Leamington who was considered to be the cleverest physician in England for heart-disease, and he told me my doom. He said that I had a very rare form of heart-disease, one that was seldom met with, and that it most eventually prove fatal, for there was no known remedy for it. He also said that, as I had a strong constitution otherwise, I might live until I reached the age of twenty-five; he did not think I could ever attain my thirtieth year. You, who are strong, and full of life, can imagine what I felt when I heard my doom. You may think that he did wrong to tell it to me so plainly. I do not. I might have died in ignorance, with my sins upon my head; but that knowledge, though it has shadowed my life, has preserved me from many a temptation. Knowing that I should be here so short a time, I have tried hard never to attach myself to life and its pleasures. I could not help loving Lady May; and I loved her so dearly that I was foolish enough to think that that very love would prolong my life. If she had cared for me at all, I should have told her my story. I would not have let her marry me in ignorance. My passion was selfish. I see it now; and I thank Heaven that she did not care for me. But I had suffered an intense longing to know life as other people know, to have a few month's happiness before I died."

"But," interrupted Gabriel "however clever a doctor may be, he is liable at times to be mistaken. This one may have misunderstood your case."

"I thought so; and I went over to Paris to see Doctor Dudevent, a celebrated French physician. I did not tell him what the other doctor had said, and yet, almost word for word, he gave the same opinion. 'I am an old man,' he said, 'and I have had a very extensive practice; but this is only the second case of the kind I have met with'—and to tell you the truth, Gabriel, he seemed most interested in it. I went to another—the famous Doctor Godier, of London—and he told me the same thing. Now, after three such opinions, I must believe. I have been under the care of Doctor Godier ever since. I went to him on the very day that I heard of my accession to this great fortune. 'Can you promise me even one year of life?' I said. 'Tell me frankly.' 'No,' he replied. 'All the wealth in the world could not purchase for you one year of life.' You may imagine, Gabriel, what use all that I have inherited is to me."

"But is there no chance?" asked Gabriel. "Do you not think it possible that you may recover? Does the pain diminish or get worse?"

"Worse," replied his friend. "I believe it is a little worse every time it comes. I shall not live long now, Gabriel. Can you wonder that all the money I have seems to me like so much dross, and that the houses, lands, pictures, and gems I possess are deemed worthless? How different the world seems to those who know they must leave it at once from what it seems to those who feel they have some time to spend in it! The other day some one asked me if I meant to contest the borough of Welde, and I looked at him in utter astonishment. The greatest affairs of this world seem so small to me whose hopes are all in heaven. When I hear people forming plans and making arrangements, saying this year they will do this thing and next year that, I wonder if we are sure of anything but death."

"But the certainty of death should not paralyze our efforts while we live," said Gabriel. "If that were the case, there would be an end to all good and honest work in the world. No one would care to live because he would be sure of dying."

"But to die so young," said Lord Ardean, "with everything that could make life bright!"

Gabriel laid his warm hand gently on the cold trembling one of the young earl.

"It does seem hard," he said; "but there is one source of comfort for you. Heaven knows what is best. You cannot tell from what misery you will be taken if you die. If the love and sympathy of a fellow creature can afford you comfort, you have all mine. If I could give you health and strength, I would do so. Your story has gone to my heart."

"You see now, Gabriel, why I wish you to live with me; do you not?"

"Yes; and I cannot give any decided promise to you yet; but I think I shall be able to do as you wish—at least I will try to accede to your request."

"Gabriel," said Lord Ardean, with a melancholy smile, "I have arranged all my worldly affairs. Of course I cannot interfere either with the entail or the estate; but you will find I have not forgotten you."

Gabriel thanked him warmly; and those were the last words they exchanged before parting.

A few hours later Gabriel set out on the quest that was to make him either Lord Ardean of Barton Abbey or to leave him always Gabriel Holmes, son of the woman who kept the south lodge at Langton Wolde.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—The disk of the moon, if very apparent, is not of uniform brightness, but is diversified by dark areas here and there. These dark areas are so arranged as to represent the eyes, nose and mouth of a human being, and the whole disk represents passably well a human face. Not all people, however, can see this resemblance. Some who cannot see the face can see a man and a woman carrying between them a bucket of water. The man stands on the left side of the disk, the woman on the right. To some the dark spaces appear to have the same shape as North and South America, as if the western Continent was reflected in the moon.

The Tartars see none of these, but their "man in the moon" is a woodcutter, bearing on his back a huge bundle of wood and supporting himself with a staff. The Japanese see the form of a rabbit in a sitting posture. His long ears stand erect, and before him is a large mortar. In his forepaws he hold a pestle, with which he is grinding rice after the manner of the Japanese.

The Emperor Rudolph, who often observed the moon with the astronomer Kepler, saw upon it the image of Italy. The ancients recognized the resemblance of the moon to the human face, for the historian Plutarch wrote a treatise contradicting the vulgar idea. "Great fools," said he, "are they who think that they see a face on the moon. That which they think they see is an illusion. It is caused by fatigue of the eye, which makes light and shade where there is only uniformity."

The telescope dispels all those resemblances which are so apparent to the naked eye, but even with this aid not all people see alike. One likens the moon to a green cheese, while another thinks it resembles a body of water frozen over: the ripples are the waves, and the craters are air-holes in the ice. Another simile, perhaps the most ridiculous of all is that of a pot of boiling mush, the craters being the bubbles of air as they came up and burst on the surface.

A GALVESTON father wanted to test the affection of his son, so he said to him:—"You have been a very good boy and now I will give you your choice. Which would you prefer, my esteem or $5?" The boy took the $5 as if it had been the measles, remarking that it was impossible for his father to have much esteem for a boy who failed to take advantage of his opportunities.

THE MOTHER'S TEARS.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

There went a widow woman from the outskirts of the city,
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the stones she trod to pity.

She wandered, weeping through the fields, by God and man forsaken,
Still calling on a little child the reaper Death had taken.

When, lo! upon a day she met a white-robed train advancing,
And brightly on their golden heads their golden crowns were glancing.

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones a-Maying,
With flowers of spring and gems of dew, all innocently playing.

Far from the rest the widow sore, and fain to clasp her treasure;
"What ails thee, darling, that thou must not take with these thy pleasure?"

"Oh, mother! little mother mine, behold the rest I tarry,
For see, how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry.

"If you had ceased to weep for me, when Jesus went a-Maying,
I should have been amongst the blest, with little Jesus playing."

Their Own Son.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

IN a small German town there lived, a great many years ago, two people who were of the humblest class.

They could just manage to get a living, and their only son was brought up in the most frugal manner.

He worked all day, but at night he went to the schoolmaster and learnt to read, write and cipher.

He managed to become clever at a great many things.

At last, when he was seventeen, he took his knapsack on his shoulder, and said to his parents—

"I am going away to seek my fortune. When I make it I shall bring it back to you. I shall never forget you, and I only go away that we may not live like dogs forever. Heaven helping me, I will return a rich man."

"Amen," said the mother; but the father cried—

"Bah! the old cant!"

Those were his last words to his son.

The boy walked away, for he could not afford to ride.

Years rolled on without tidings.

The mother hoped on for a long time; the father despaired from the first.

Their hair grew white; their poor living made them break down before their time, and at last the old man slipped on the ice, and injured his knee.

This made it impossible for him to work as he had worked before, and misfortunes instead of softening hardened him.

As they sat crouching miserably over the flame at nightfall, the old man cursing his fate, the woman crying, there came a knock at the door.

The old woman answered it with a "come in," and the old man muttered a malediction upon prying neighbors; but when the door opened they saw standing within it a bearded man whom they did not know.

"Friends," said this stranger, "I am a traveler, and have come from a long distance. Can you give me supper and shelter for the night?"

"We do not keep an inn!" cried the old man.

"Nor does anyone hereabouts," said the traveler. "All I ask is something to eat and a bed of any sort. I am tired out. I am tired. I can go no farther;" and he walked in.

"People shall not take my house by storm in this way," said the old man.

"Indeed, sir," cried the woman, "you must excuse my husband. He would be hospitable if he could and would give you supper if had any myself.

The young man walked farther into the room bringing a heavy bag with him.

"If that is all," said he, "perhaps you can buy me some supper and share it with me. With money you can get food here as elsewhere, I suppose?"

"Yes, yes," said the old woman.

The man sat down and took a wallet from his bosom and opened it.

It was full of notes and gold and silver.

He gave a handful the old woman, who ran at once to the little shop hard by.

Soon a fire blazed on the hearth, and coffee, sausage and a loaf of good white bread were on the table.

The candle light fell upon the faces of the bearded man and the two old people.

On that of the master of the houses rested a strange expression.

Since the traveller had produced his wallet he had quite altered his manner.

He was even civil and flattering.

The old woman did not know what to make of the change.

However, she said to herself that it was a pleasant one and that it might be the good God.

Her husband himself poured out the last cup of coffee, which the stranger drank, and as he grew suddenly sleepy soon afterwards conducted him to his room.

When the old man returned it was with a yet more strange expression on his face.

And as he sat down beside the old woman she saw that he was trembling from head to foot.

He evidentaly had something of importance to say.

"Well?" she said, expectantly.

"Well," he answered, "the coffee was good, the fire, the food. We are comfortable."

"Yes," she said, "we were."

"And if it could last. It only needs money. Wife, there is money enough in that man's wallet to make us well off for life. I have seen it.

"Have you?" she questioned, shuddering she knew not why.

"Yes," he answered, "I put the rest of the opiate the doctor gave me when my knee was so bad into his cup. He is very sound asleep. Look here wife."

He suddenly drew something from his pocket.

It was the stranger's wallet.

"Oh good Heavens! You have not turned robber?" shrieked the woman. "You will be arrested, put in prison."

"No," said he. "Wife, there is no danger of that."

"What do you mean?" cried the woman.

She put her hand on his arm, and drew it back hastily.

The sleeve of his coat was wet, and her hand was red and wet also.

"Blood!" she moaned.

"Hold your tongue, woman," cried the old man. "The traveler will never wake again. He did not even know—— No matter, I have done it. Now stop your howling, and help me to carry the corpse in there to the cellar. I shall bury it, and we will be off. No one will know; no one will guess."

But the old woman lay on the floor sobbing, and he could not make her rise.

"Do you wish to see me hung?" he said, at last. "We must get rid of the body, or I shall be."

Then she arose, and shaking and tottering, did as he bade her.

Together they dragged the dead body of the man who had eaten with them an hour before, and buried it.

A grave was nearly covered when suddenly strange sounds filled the air.

Music and singing, hasty feet, cries from without of:

"Mother Ritter! Father Ritter! Hallos, there! let us in."

"Who is that?" cried the old man.

"I do not know," cried the woman.

She arose to her feet and tottered up the ladder stairs.

A band of merry neighbors filled the room.

"Hallos, Mother Ritter," cried the first. "Ah, you were in your cellar; and where is the traveler who came here awhile ago? We are looking for him."

"No one has been here," said the old woman.

"What!" said the neighbor, "not here yet? But I know he is. I came to the door with him, and here is his hat. Why, old mother, what is the matter?"

"A man came but he went away. We had nothing to give him," faltered Mother Ritter.

"The rascal; he is hiding somewhere. Did you not recognize him?"

"Recognize him?" gasped Mother Ritter. "I never saw him before."

"Then I'll tell you who he is," said the neighbor. "Here, Hans; come forth, show yourself! Why, it is your own son, Mother Ritter, come back to share the fortune he has made with you. We knew you would not know him in his long beard, so we made him promise not to reveal himself until we were by to see. We have come to enjoy the meeting and have a feast. Hallos, where are you, Hans Ritter? There—she is fainting. It is too much happiness."

Meanwhile the lights the company had brought with them illuminated the room: revealed the open cellar door, the dark wet stains upon the floor and upon Mother Ritter's clothes.

No answer came to their cries of:

"Hans, where are you?"

They entered the bedroom and saw the stained pillow and marks of red hands upon the sheets.

The women shrieked, the men grew pale as they rushed into the cellar.

There they saw the new-dug grave and in it a dead man, and in a dark corner the old assassin stood at bay, armed with a glittering knife, and the edge of the traveler's wallet protruding from the pocket of his grey jacket.

Only at the words, "You have murdered your own son," did he sink down before them and let them do with them what they would.

The old woman happily died that night after making a full confession of all the circumstances.

The old man was tried for the crime, condemned and executed.

The story is still told in the German town in which the events took place, and a ruinous little building which everyone avoids, since it is said to be haunted by horrible ghosts, is pointed out as the residence of old Father Ritter.

They say the grave he dug for his son may still be seen in the cellar, but no one desires to investigate the truth of the statement.

THERE were half a dozen ladies and gentlemen in a street car, when the driver stopped the car and said:—"There is somebody in this car trying to beat me out of a fare." The passengers looked at each other, and all said they put in their fare. "It don't make any difference. There are only six fares in the box and seven people in the car." Then a gentleman got up, and with a sigh put in the missing fare, remarking:—"I put in one before, but as I was once in Legislature everybody will say it can't be anybody else but me, so I'll have to stand it."

May's Mistake.

BY MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

MAY HARTLEY was not what many people would call a pretty girl, but there was something in her manner that seemed to attract all who happened to come in contact with her.

She was utterly free from selfishness, and ever willing to sacrifice herself for the comfort and well-being of her fellow-creatures.

She was an only daughter, and very naturally the idol of her parents.

Her father was a well-to-do lawyer in the thriving little market town of Dashford, and unlike most men who follow the legal profession was spoken well of by all classes and communities of people. One scarcely ever heard a really detrimental observation made against Lawyer Hartley.

Mrs. Hartley, his robust and good natured wife, was also much liked by the inhabitants of Dashford.

Having thus briefly described the kind of parents with which May Hartley was blest—and she was indeed blessed in parents—it is time to enter upon the story that is to be told.

May was standing in the twilight of a lovely summer evening at the garden-gate of her pleasant home, which abutted on the main road leading out of Dashford—she was alone.

But soon a young equestrian reached the gate, had dismounted, and had shaken hands with her.

He was a very handsome fellow; tall, erect, with dark curly hair and deep blue eyes. His age could not be more than eight-and twenty. This comely personage was none other than young Dr. Evelyn.

For two years he had been in practice in Dashford, and during that time had won golden opinions for his medical skill and kindness, and, more than this, had fallen over head and ears in love with May Hartley.

Yes, had he only revealed the burning secret of his heart when first love entered therein, May Hartley would have been a girl without a sorrow months ago.

But why remain silent any longer? Here was presented an excellent opportunity of popping the all important question.

So, taking advantage of that opportunity, he asked May then and there to be his wife.

Why enter into details as to the exact words in which he expressed himself, and the exact manner in which she responded to his affectionate overture.

Ah, what a pleasant ride home that was to him. Who can describe the sense of rapture that filled his manly bosom?

On the following morning he called upon Lawyer Hartley, and his wife, and informed them of what had transpired on the previous evening.

They were satisfied but for one thing, Mrs. Hartley held out firmly for, and that was the marriage should not be solemnised until the expiration of at least six months.

The young doctor did not offer any objections, though had he been selfish enough to have expressed his own inclination on the subject, he would have suggested leading May to the hymeneal altar within a month of the hour when he proposed to her.

Amongst Dr. Evelyn's patients there was one Colonel Forrester, a man of considerable means, who resided in a fine old-fashioned house in the outskirts of Dashford. He was blessed with many olive branches, and amongst them two remarkably attractive daughters.

The young doctor was frequently at the Colonel's house, not only in the capacity of a medical adviser; Mrs. Forrester was an invalid, and needed very constant attention, but as a friend.

When Herbert Spencer, Dr. Evelyn's cousin, came to stay with him, which he did three weeks after our hero had popped the question to May Hartley, he, the doctor, speedily introduced him to the Forresters, where the young fellow spent a considerable portion of his time.

We all know from experience—or at any rate, the majority of us do—that "Whispering tongues will poison truth."

Poor May Hartley was naturally of a trustful disposition. She never thought ill of any one until she had by-experience proved his or her worthlessness.

Amongst her female friends was one Caroline Cross, the banker's daughter. This treacherous young female always professed the strongest affection for May, and May believed in the sincerity of her professions.

Now Caroline Cross flattered herself that May confided in her as much as and more than she confided in anybody; but she drew the line of confidence somewhere. For instance, she had never confided the secret of her love for Dr. Evelyn to a living soul. The consequence was that when her engagement to that gentleman became known it proved as great a matter of surprise to Caroline Cross as to the rest of the people.

She had set her heart upon herself becoming Dr. Evelyn's bride! Yes, that had been the most ardent wish in her mind. If she were capable of love at all, she felt that grand passion for the young doctor.

But in the announcement of his engagement to May Hartley the most cherished hope of her existence was forever blighted.

Forever blighted? Ah, that was the question! Must it be forever? Was she to lose the day without a struggle?

Never.

She met May with a smile and an outstretched hand, aye, with a Judas kiss, and congratulated her upon her engagement.

Miss Cross was a very constant visitor at Colonel Forrester's, and she took advantage of her intimacy in that quarter to lay the foundation of her scheme against poor May's peace.

Since Dr. Evelyn's cousin had paid him a visit, he had been extra busy, and much more at Colonel Forrester's than usual.

Caroline Cross also, at that time, was a frequent visitor at the same hospitable abode.

May Hartley seldom went out. Since her engagement she had been, if possible, more of a stay-at-home than ever.

But Caroline often called upon her and gave her all the news.

Gradually, with Iago-like skill, she poured into poor May's ears the poisonous scandal that she trusted would separate her from her affianced husband.

She intimated that the young doctor and his cousin, Herbert Spencer, were always about with Alice and Constance Forrester; that indeed there were few evenings on which they might not be seen in the neighborhood of the colonel's house, wandering amongst the most secluded paths, the favorite spots for happy lovers' converse.

It took a considerable time, and infinite care and skill on Caroline Cross's part, to shake May's faith, and establish mischief towards her lover in her ever-trustful and innocent heart.

But she succeeded at last and the lovers were separated.

Two months passed by, and the breach that had taken place between May and the doctor remained as wide as ever.

And what in reality did Dr. Evelyn's behavior in the matter of Alice Forrester mean? How was it he had been found in a shady lover's retreat, seated by her with her hand clasped in his, and evincing signs of passionate entreaty?

Well, the facts of the case are easily and simply explained.

His cousin, Herbert Spencer, had fallen deeply in love with Alice Forrester; but she had apparently rather snubbed him than otherwise. This had rendered poor Herbert more desperately in love than ever.

Now the good-hearted young doctor felt great interest in his cousin's love-affair, and determined, if possible, to bring matters to a happy issue.

Alice Forrester was somewhat of a flirt, but for all that she was a good and noble-hearted girl at heart, and the doctor felt convinced in his own mind that beneath that assumption of indifference she really entertained a warm affection for Herbert Spencer.

Determined, then, that his cousin should not be misled by the harmless caprice of the girl he loved, he went in hammer and tongs, as the old saying is, to bring the lovers to a clear and proper understanding.

And so it had come to pass on this very evening, when he was making an earnest appeal to Alice on Herbert's behalf, Caroline Cross had contrived to make poor May an observer of the scene.

But now the truth was to be disclosed. The engagement between Alice and Herbert was made known. At the same time, also, the news flew round that Dr. Evelyn was about to sell his practice and go abroad. The announcement of the engagement aroused poor May's suspicions as to the truth of affairs.

Then young Spencer called, and in the course of conversation spoke enthusiastically of his cousin's endeavors on his behalf, and of how he had pleaded for him. When Herbert Spencer rose to go, May volunteered to see him to the garden-gate, and there in the twilight, she asked him to tell Dr. Evelyn she wished to see him.

"I must ask his forgiveness before he goes away," she sobbed to herself.

The young doctor came—very stiff, very cold, and very stern; but ere he had been a quarter of an hour in May's presence she had asked his pardon for her mistake, and he had granted it freely.

Nor was this all, for ere he bid her good-night he had promised not to leave Dashford after all, and she had once again vowed to become his wife.

In a few months from that memorable evening there was a double wedding in the fine old church at Dashford, nor do I think I need name the happy couples who were there united.

FASHION AT ENGLISH RACES.—An observer says nothing can be more disgusting than the gorging and guzzling which is to be seen in any fashionable drag at the Derby or Oaks. As a caustic pen describes the scene, "the flushed women, the wine-fed men, the circle of sensuality, the extravagance, and the excess, all unblushingly advertised as typical of a manly form of English amusement." This porcine gobbling of rich foods is not confined to the occupants of the drag. Any man who is on a bowing acquaintance with the owner, or with the females who honor this orgie with their presence, is asked to join in the feast. As, of course, there is no room on the drag, the new guest has to find a vacant place where he can consume the viands and liquors which the grooms offer him. The most convenient position is generally on the ground between the hind wheels of the coach, and it is there that he manages to do justice to the remains of the raised pies, lobster salads, and flat champagne which the occupants of the drag have left over.

RELIGION even in its most diluted form has a certain value. When the coachman was dying he consoled himself because he had driven many a poor body to church, though he had never attended one himself.

SCENE—Restaurant. Major—"Er-r-ah, waitah, I wish two chops, the one to be made ready before the othah. Do you heah? Waiter—"Yes sir. An' which chop will ye have first?"

SHADOWED SUNSHINE.

BY I. D. S.

"He's coming, he promised me sure,
He's coming to-morrow to me,
The true-hearted sunbeam I love,"
Said Daisy to Bumble the Bee.

"He loves me as well as fair Rose,
In spite of my plain yellow face,
And whispers 'Bright eye of the day
No blossom can shine in thy place.'"

Old Bumble had growled as he sped—
"Busy, buzzing, I think as I go,
How can a dull Daisy keep love
Of a prince? Ah, I never shall know!"

Meantime, as he dolefully droned,
There was echo of hammers close by,
And a hovel arose in a day
That shut out a patch of the sky.

And so when the trysting-time came
No kiss on the yellow face fell,
Tho' cloudless the blue up above,
Tho' day's golden rain warmed the dell.

Daisy saw not the shadowing wall,
Saw only her pitiful lack
Of love she had vaunted so true,
For sunshine came never more back.

When over the far-away hills
She saw the last sun-glimmer die,
She moaned, with her white fingers clasped,
"Truly Bumble knew better than I."

Ah, you and I smile at her woe;
In the shadow, how steadfast the sun,
Unseen, lives a golden life yet.

The Black Domino.

BY W. J. BRETT.

"THE opera ball takes place to-night, does it not?" said Mrs. Douglas to her husband.

"I believe so; but balls of that kind are things that I do not approve of," replied Mr. D., in a tone of virtuous indignation.

The somewhat embarrassing silence which followed the last remark was finally broken by Mr. D., who exclaimed, quite abruptly, as if the thought had but just occurred to him:

"By Jove, I came near forgetting that our club had an important meeting to-night! We are to elect a new president, and Benson particularly desired me to be present. I'm sorry, but I'll have to go. I may not be home until late—this sort of meeting is always tedious—but don't sit up for me."

And with this tender admonition, Mr. Douglas kissed his wife in a staid, matter-of-fact fashion, took his overcoat and hat, lit a cigar, and serenely departed.

When the last echoes of his retreating footsteps had died away, Mrs. D. sighed, and looked absently into the glowing coal-fire.

"It is very strange," she mused, "very strange, indeed—that the opera ball and this important club meeting should occur on the same evening; and, now I remember, it happened just so last year. Mrs. Wilmot was so positive about it—so sure he saw him there, 'dancing and flirting, the gayest of the gay.' No, no; Jack is honor and fidelity itself. What do I care for Mrs. Wilmot and her hateful gossip? It was a mere coincidence, of course, yet I would like to know for certain."

Here the sigh became a sob, and poor Mrs. Douglas hastily left the sitting-room and went up to her chamber.

While the lonely wife was dismally wondering and crying at home, all was light, mirth, and mad revelry at the opera house, and moving in the midst of the brilliant throng, was Douglas, really and truly the virtuous Jack, who had a horror of masked balls in general, and the opera one in particular.

An elegant mask in blue satin and swansdown swept by, gaily saluting him by name.

"Your name?" he pleaded, excitedly.

But the lady was obdurate.

"Oh, I see—too much wine already. Roederer makes one reckless, and masks hide names as well as faces. Don't forget it, my dear Mr. Douglas, or that you are a happy Benedict."

And a second thereafter the blue satin and swansdown had floated away, and was lost in the crowd.

The merriment was at its height.

A stately creature, in sea-green velvet, approached him demurely, softly whispered his name, and vanished.

He determined to follow her, and while in eager pursuit of the sea-green phantom, Jack was suddenly brought to a standstill by a black domino, that seemed to rise up through the floor.

Jack Douglas stopped and coolly scrutinized the new mystery; for he was a bit of a philosopher, and knew that one color was as good as another at a masquerade.

"Ah, dear sir, you cannot tell how I have longed—how I have prayed—for this hour!" murmured the fair unknown, with a languishing sigh that went straight to Jack's heart.

"You flatter me, sweet lady."

"No, Mr. Douglas, I speak but the truth."

"You know me?"

"Yes, and—love you."

Jack was enraptured.

"You love me, adorable being?" he began, in accents of tender beseeching. "I beg you to tell me your name, for I feel as if I had known and loved you all my life."

"What matters it who I may be, and what more fitting than that one compelled to admit so wild and hopeless a passion should be nameless?" she sadly answered.

"Nay, dearest, you wrong yourself," he gallantly replied. "But let me conduct you to a less public place. I have a private box; there we shall be secure from intrusion, and away from all this heartless crowd."

And without further persuasion, Douglas led the unresisting victim of his charms to the private box, which he always made a point of retaining on ball nights, because he liked comfort and exclusiveness wherever he might be.

The black domino trembled, and her heart beat loud and fast.

"Your wife," she faltered; "if she were to know. Oh, dear love, if I could forget you had a wife, then indeed would this hour be one of unspeakable happiness."

"Have no fear. Married I may be, but my heart is free, my soul knows no fetters, love no chains."

"Your wife!"

"She is quite satisfied with her lot, for she has no idea of love as a great master-passion while I am ever dreaming of a mighty, all-absorbing, soul-thrilling affection, such as stirs the blood, quickens the pulses, and makes one feel as if one were enjoying a foretaste of heaven."

"Alas! how similarly are we situated," said the black domino in a low sorrowful tone; "for I too am married, Mr. Douglas, and my husband, I know full well, does not love me."

"I am certain that you are charming. Your perfect form, your exquisite voice, your delicate hand, all proclaim it. Oh, be merciful! I am dying to know who you are—dying to breathe a heaven of kisses on your crimson lips!"

Mr. Douglas had really taken too much champagne, and consequently talked like a fool.

"But your wife?" reminded the unknown. "I cannot forget that you have a wife."

"Wife be hanged!" gaily responded Jack. "Let's be jolly, while we may. Do you not see that I worship you?"

The lady still hesitated.

"You will promise never to reveal to any living soul the confidence I this night repose in you?"

"Never—I swear it!" cried the excited Jack, striking a tragic attitude, and raising his right hand aloft after the manner of the heroes of the stage.

"I believe you," she said, simply, as if fully convinced of his sincerity.

The black muffling hood fell back; the mask dropped to the floor.

Jack's face paled to the hue of ashes.

"Heavens! Adeline! Mrs. Douglas!"

"Yes. Farewell, sir, and forever. The galley-slave is free—the days of your married misery ended."

A figure, black as the shadow of night, fled past him, and in less than a minute Jack found himself alone, a very much amazed and thoroughly sobered man.

It was an awful awakening.

"Oh, the deuce! he gasped, pale as death, and looking the image of consternation and fear. "What a wretched, beastly fool I've made of myself. But who'd have thought that a quiet, stay-at-home woman like Adeline would ever have dreamt of playing a fellow such a shabby trick? What explanation can I make—what excuse can I offer? I must have been drunk. Yes, that's it—I was stupidly, irresponsibly drunk. Only a joke—a mere jest. Ha, ha! I knew who it was all the time, of course. Capital joke—ha, ha! Really brilliant—didn't think little wife was so clever," laughed Jack, in an empty, meaningless, hysterical way, as if he did not believe himself what he was saying.

But the above incoherent remarks sufficiently explain his well-thought-over line of defence in the miserable, business of making peace with his formerly offended wife.

Of course there were tears shed—oceans of them—but the domestic storm blew over after awhile, and husband and wife mutually agreed to forgive and forget.

Yet to this day Mrs. Douglas firmly refuses to believe Jack's often-repeated assertion.

"Why, bless you my dear, I knew perfectly well who you were before you had spoken two words."

She can be persuaded of many things, at this is asking too much of her credulity.

She is willing to admit a superabundance of wine in extenuation of Jack's fault—willing to concede that he was lamentably off his balance, and to a certain extent not answerable for his conduct; but to attempt to convince her that his lavish outlay of affection on that particular occasion was originally intended for her is to attempt impossibilities.

SATISFACTORY explanation: A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, supposin' I had. Don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got concussion of the brain and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."

"MOTHER," said a young man, "what do you suppose Miss Dorkins meant last evening when she asked several times how the walking was?" "Why you innocent goose," replied his mother, "she meant that she wanted you to leave—wanted you to go out and fail to come back with a report. Do you understand?" The young man said he thought he did.

WILLIAM PETERS, of Arkansas, sat himself down on the steps of a country church, and said there should be no preaching there that Sunday. After William had received a bullet in the leg he vacated, and the services were begun. The text was: "Why do the heathen rage?"

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

AND all created things rebelled against Man. He had come among them, they know not whence, with a commission to rob them; and they had discovered that among them all he was the weakest creature. "I can drown him," said the Sea. "I can burn him up," said Fire, "like anything else." "What can he do to me?" said the Air, "that I should listen to his word?" "I would bury him with pleasure," said the Earth, "but he would only rot." "He cannot run," said the Horse; "or swim," said the Shark; "or fly," said the Eagle; "or even climb," said the Monkey, "like me." "He has no tusks," said the Elephant; "or teeth," said the Dog; "or claws," said the Tiger; "or fangs," said the Snake. "We will bear this no longer; let us go before Odin and have him sentenced to death, or at least deposed." And they swept the unhappy being, cowering with cold and shivering with fear, all naked and torn, above the eternal snow, where Odin dwelt within the Happy Plains. And as Odin sat at wassail they flung Man before his feet. And as the created things made their complaint the gods looked on Man with tearless eyes and condemned him in their souls. "This creature master!" thought Thor; "he is not even the strongest." "I see no foresight in him," mused another. "And where is his beauty?" smiled a goddess. "Why should the All-Father choose him?" asked Odin; and he arose and stepped toward his throne to pass the sentence of the gods.

But as his foot reached the lowest step Odin drew back and trembled, for above the throne he saw two luminous Eyes, piercing, yet calm as stars; and he knew the presence of Destiny, always the bearer of the All-Father's will. Form was there none, or robe; only the Eyes were seen, but into those Eyes even Odin dared not gaze; while from below them came forth a Voice, gentle as the south wind, yet chill as the blast from the glacier, freezing the resistance in every heart. "It is the will," said the viewless Voice, "of the All-Father, whose messenger I am, that Man shall rule, and that some created thing shall give Man an instrument of power;" and the luminous Eyes were veiled. Then the gods and all creatures, relieved of the dread presence, murmured discontent. "Shall we give him our immortality?" asked the gods; "or I my depth?" moaned the Sea; "or I my brightness?" flashed the Fire; "or I my omnipresence?" murmured the Air; "or I my riches?" gasped the Earth. "Can I give him my speed?" said the horse; "or I my strength?" said the elephant; "or I my spring?" said the tiger; "or I my venom?" hissed the snake. Everything created refused, and the gray goose, most spiteful of creatures, hissed contempt, and struck in its malice at the wretched creature, cowering powerless at Odin's feet, so hard that a feather fell, all bloody, on his lip.

Then once more the luminous Eyes shone forth, once more the soft rush of speech from below them was heard and all were still to hearken. "Now, as ever, the will of the All-Father is done. Thou hast thy talisman, O Man! Go forth to rule." And man arose and went forth comforted, for he know that with the feather had come to him that which other created things know not of, and which unchanging gods cannot have—the power of accumulating wisdom. And he sought for knowledge and stored it; and year by year his sway grew wider and stronger and more stern. He crossed the sea at his will, and harnessed the fire to his car, and tore riches from the earth, and flew through air without fear, and made of the lightning a slave, and used or killed, or tortured all the beasts as he would.

At last the universe was his, and as its lord, and weary with conquest, he said:—"The All-Father must will that I be happy. I will go to Valhalla again, and see the gods, and learn from them the secret of joyous immortality." And Air and Fire bore him up above the eternal snow to the Happy Plains, but lo! there were no gods there. And man, enraged, called the lightning, and, swift as thought, raged through the universe, seeking where the gods might be hidden. In the depths of the sea, in the centre of the earth, in the boundless fields of air he sought, for the gods, but found them not or any sure tidings of whither they had fled.

By times his servants brought rumors, and he set off again on his quest; but he found them not, and, weary and angry, he once more betook himself to seek them in Valhalla. He found them not, but as he stepped from the Happy Plains onto the eternal snow to recommence his downward path, he turned, and once more saw above him the calm, luminous Eyes, and waited for the softly rushing Voice from below them. It came forth at last, as of old, soft as the south wind, chill as the blast from the glacier. "This is the will of the All-Father whose messenger I am. When Man shall rule all created things, then shall he also have gained the secret of the gods. Go forth to rule once more, O Man!" And Man went forth in pride to search for the created thing that he ruled not, and he is searching still, though he sees it in every wave. L. S.

Sentiments are proper or improper as they consist more or less with the character, and circumstances of the person to whom they are attributed with the rules of the composition in which they are found, or with the settled and unalterable nature of things.

Nevada people are now careful about smoking tobacco taking from the lining of old coats. One man got a pistol cartridge into his pipe. The bullet went into the wall, and nobody knew where the pipe went to.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL ARMOR.—Some interesting experiments have been lately carried out in Leipsic with a cuirass made of a newly invented preparation of steel. The metal of the cuirass is only about .06 of an inch thick, and is lined inside with a thin layer of wool. The cuirass itself is 14 inches wide and 10 inches high, being intended to protect only the heart and lungs, and weighs 2½ pounds. Eleven rounds were fired at it at a distance of 175 yards from a Martini breech-loading rifle, and of eight bullets which struck the cuirass two only pierced the metal, while even these were flattened and remained in the woollen lining, so that a man wearing th ecuirass would have been totally uninjured.

LIFE IN DRINKING WATER.—There have been tried a number of substances for destoying miscroscopic life in drinking water; the most striking results being obtained from citric acid. When one part of the acid was added to 2,000 parts of water, life ceased in from one-half to two minutes. Microscopic examination showed that those forms of animation having a thick scaly covering are not affected by the dilute citric acid, but only with thinner coatings. The greater part of these unwelcome visitors belong, however, to the latter class, while the former are visible to the naked eye, so that a solution of the strength mentioned will suffice as a safeguard. The dead animalculæ immediately settled to the bottom of the vessel containing the water, and may be found in the settlement. The solution of citric acid spoils quickly, and it is recommended that it be freshly prepared every day.

IMITATION GOLD.—One of the recently introduced substitutes for gold, which has become very popular in some of the jewelry and other manufactories of fine ware in France, is composed as follows: 100 parts, by weight, of copper of the purest quality, fourteen of zinc or tin, six of magnesia, three and six-tenths of sal-ammoniac, lime-stone and cream of tartar. The copper is first melted, then the magnesia, sal-ammoniac, lime-stone, and cream of tartar in powder are added separately and gradually. The whole mass is kept stirred for half an hour, the zinc or tin being dropped in piece by piece, the stirring being kept up till they melt. Finally the crucible is covered and the mass kept in fusion thirty-five minutes, and the scum being removed, the metal is poured into moulds and is then ready for use. The alloy thus made is represented as being fine grained, malleable, takes a high polish and does not easily oxidize.

Farm and Garden.

BUGS ON FLOWERS.—An Iowa lady states anyone who wishes to destroy bugs on flowers may take the pepper castor, black, and sprinkle thickly over the plants night and morning, and it will accomplish the desired result.

THE HORSE'S MANE.—To prevent falling off of the hair of a horse's mane, or to restore the growth, rub the skin of the part with the following mixture, viz: One pint of alcohol and one drachm of tincture of cantharides. Give the horse a dose of salts (12 ounces) and feed some white bran, which will allay the irritation of the skin, to which the loss of hair is due.

WINTER OATS.—They have what they call winter oats in Oregon, that are sown at any time during the year, say from the last day of September up to the middle of March, provided the ground is in favorable condition. These oats are used chiefly for milling. They yield larger grain, heavier and more uniform in size than summer or spring oats, and at the rate of from 40 to 80 bushels per acre.

STRIPED BEETLE.—An exchange says: A neighbor has been quite successful in frightening off the striped beetle by putting a straight stick in the ground at an angle of 45 degrees and attaching to the top of it, directly over the hill, a string, to the lower end of which he fastens some strips of paper, which reach nearly down to the cucumber and melons. The movement of the paper frightens the bugs.

LOADING HAY.—To properly dispose of the hay as it is pitched upon the wagon, requires considerable skill. Long, wide, and low loads are much better than the opposite, for both the pitcher and the loader; besides, there is much less danger of the load slipping off; or the wagon being upset by an inequality in the surface of the field. If a horse-fork is used for unloading, the person who manages the loading should bear this in mind, and so place the hay as it is pitched to him, that the fork will work to the best advantage.

GRASS FOR PIGS.—The *Live Stock Journal* considers grass of prime importance to sows with young. It advises not to depend too largely up corn, but provide grass in abundance. A most excellent food for the purpose of increasing the flow of milk may be prepared by grinding corn and oats together, in about equal quantities by measurement, and making a slop of the mixture. To this may be added a little oatmeal with profit. Ground rye, barley or wheat may be substituted for the corn or oats, and a mixture of all these grains will make an excellent diet; but don't forget the grass. If you are so situated that you can't give your cows access to a good pasture, cut some grass—clover is the best—and give it to them every day. Ground peas are an excellent food. Don't depend upon any one thing but use a variety.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3, 1881.

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ARDEN COURT.

With this issue of THE POST we begin a new story, entitled "ARDEN COURT." It is by the talented author of "Lady Margerie," and will be found in every respect fully as entertaining as that absorbing serial. To those who have read the latter, the mere mention of the fact is sufficient, and to those who have not, we can commend it as a story that in interest of plot, skill of character-sketching, and excellence of narrative equals the best in the language.

DEPRECIATION.

The disposition to depreciate what is not ours is often shown with regard to pursuits in life. It is right and best that each person should follow some special occupation in which he should strive for excellence. It is not supposable that he can know as much or be equally interested in any other pursuit. But, for this very reason, it is incumbent upon him to be modest and unassuming, willing to observe, and ready to accord respect to that which is plainly out of his power to perform. On the contrary, how frequently are such avocations made the subject of contemptuous remarks and slighting allusions!

There are professional men who look down upon business as a mere money-making affair, and business men who look down on the professions as offering no sure road to wealth.

There are philosophers who despise the practical walks of life, and practical men who have nothing but contempt to give to philosophy.

There are scientific men, dealing only with established facts, who can accord no respect to ideas, and idealists who have no patience with the tangible details of science.

There are men carrying the burdens of state who sneer at poetry, and poets who disdain all knowledge of politics. What does all this prove? Not certainly any superiority in the one or the other, but a deficiency in the power of appreciation—not any peculiar depth in one direction, but a decided narrowness in another.

And what a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your very best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will come some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend, a sneer which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your business, your mental feelings, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinions confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush, and an eye lose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy, or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted mortals? How after them one wakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very centre of your soul!

SANCTUM CHAT.

A LEARNED German professor, in a new book, throws his great influence in favor of the reformed spelling of English—in fact, introduces phonetic characters gradually till the reader at the end of the book has quite learned them.

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TEACHERS of the elementary classes of the colleges of Paris have been ordered to conduct their pupils into the galleries of the Museum of Natural History, to explain to them the differences of the several kinds of animals, plants, and minerals, and to incite young pupils to collect specimens during their walks around the city.

—

DR. TANNER is said to be negotiating for a fast of three months. All that he asks is to have the air of his room well electrified. But perhaps some of those doctors who declared that he could not go forty days without food, and then got out of the difficulty by claiming that water was food, will now also aver that electricity contains nutriment.

—

A GENTLEMAN in moderate circumstances who has tried all sorts of fashionable watering-places, says that the trouble with people who experiment at high-toned places in a cheap way, is that they can have no pleasure in the society of persons as poor as themselves, and yet have not the money or the position with which to aspire to a higher place.

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STATISTICS show that in France there are now 100,000 lunatics, or one for every 400 inhabitants. Two fifths of them are in public, and three-fifths in private asylums. Ten madmen come from the liberal professions to one from the agricultural population. Further, it is shown that one artist in every 100 is mad, one lawyer in every 120, and one professor in every 230.

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THE South Carolina acts of the Legislature in regard to the sale of liquor outside of incorporated towns, and to the carrying of concealed weapons, has had a salutary effect. In one county where the laws have been strictly enforced, the whisky trade has been reduced two-thirds, and all cases where concealed weapons have been discovered have met with punishment. Schools, manufactures, real estate and population have all greatly improved.

—

EUROPEAN brewers recently had a congress at Versailles. According to statistics there presented, Europe has about 40,000 breweries, producing nearly 2,500,000,000 gallons of malt liquor. Great Britain produces nearly a third, then comes Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria. Bavaria consumes fifty-four gallons per head; Belgium (whose beer is chiefly made at Louvain, where, too, is her chief university,) thirty; England, twenty-nine. Outside of Bavaria, where the very babies lap beer, the average consumption in Germany is nineteen gallons. In Scotland it is nine; in Ireland, eight and one-half; France, four, but steadily increasing. The past twenty-five years have seen an extraordinary increase in the beer production of Scotland and Ireland, where formerly whisky was the prevailing drink

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A SELF-CONSTITUTED committee, styling itself the "Committee of Public Safety," has posted a proclamation throughout the entire city of New Orleans announcing its objects and purposes, the chief of which are claimed to be "to insure protection in life, liberty, and prosperity; to suppress crime and rowdyism; to coerce the city's public servants to a fearless performance of their duties, and to see that the laws are strictly enforced," etc.

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THE Royal Academy Exhibition, London, was hardly open before a zealous geologist marched in and subjected the landscapes which showed rocks and strata to a critical examination. He then confided his remarks to *Nature*. The paper is not so much remarkable in itself as it is for a sign of the times. If painters are to be hauled over the coals by geologists, what little ideality is left among them will presently depart forever. The writer applauds Ruskin, the famous art critic, for his efforts to compel artists to be exact.

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THE system of removing the refuse of the houses in England is different from ours. No ash-barrels contaminate the air with their odors; the garbage is placed in a large box, which is kept in the back-yard. When that receptacle is full, a large card, on which is printed the letter D, is displayed in a window, and the scavenger is expected to come and empty the box. If his services are not rewarded with an occasional pint of beer, he becomes suddenly short-sighted, and the card may remain in the window for a long time before he will observe it.

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IT seems that the attempt to naturalize camels in Texas and New Mexico was not, after all, an utter failure. The camels used for carrying freight across the California desert did not, for some reason, prove profitable, and they were turned loose on the river bottoms. There they lived and bred, until now, it is said, they roam the lower plains in large numbers, giving ground for the belief that they will continue to increase in numbers until a drove of wild camels will become as common on the western plains of Arizona as buffalo now are on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains.

—

A NOBLEMAN who has an estate in the Tyrol that suffers very much from lack of natural moisture, but on which, from the hills and the density of the woods, he has long believed that there were hidden springs, has employed the microphone to solve the riddle, and with excellent success. Along the foot of the hills he has several instruments, and has connected them with an insulated telephone and a small battery. In the time of night when the vibrations of the soil are fewest, he listens for subterranean ripples, and already has been able thus to discover several springs, which he has turned to practical purposes.

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IN respect to the popular notion that coffee is an unhealthy beverage, that it keeps up constant irritation of the stomach, and brings on depression of spirits, a well-known English scientist, while admitting that the article cannot be taken in excess without producing dyspepsia and irritation, nevertheless asserts that, moderately used, it is an invigorating, healthful and wholesome drink, bringing a man's best energies into play. On the other hand, an eminent German authority declares that the nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee, these producing a chronic derangement of the digestive organs.

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A RARE chance for a governess is offered by a lady who advertises in a London paper. All that is wanted is that the candidate, "of good birth and education," shall "take the entire charge of a sweet little girl, two years of age," be "a useful and agreeable companion" to the sweet little girl's mamma, "clever with her needle, active and obliging, of good temper, amiable and unselfish, and naturally fond of children," and be able to give "the most undeniable references." For these trifles $125 a year, traveling expenses and washing are offered, with the additional inducement that "conscientious and tender care of the little pet will be warmly appreciated."

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THE Princess of Wales is known to have a great objection to the extreme bareness of arms which has lately been so popular. She prefers that sleeves should come down rather than that gloves should go up. On the other hand, there has been a tendency to display the upper muscle, and to substitute a bit of tape for what used to be a sleeve. The bosom of the dress was kept in its position by what may be called a shoulder-strap. How was Mr. Worth to satisfy the Princess, who is elegant and modest, and the other ladies, who are muscular, and proud of their muscles? Like the great man he is, he applied himself to the problem, and has solved it. The Houri sleeve is the outcome of genius and intense thought. Now, the Houri sleeve is a loop or necklace which falls down over the shoulder as if the shoulder were a neck, and which consists of a row of jewels, ending with something like a locket. Thus the beauty of the upper arm is no longer concealed, and some concession is made in favor of a modesty which in matters of dress used to be a virtue, but now is regarded as a prejudice.

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HARMONY and contrast in color are all very well in their way. The lady who refused a handsome dress of striking tint, saying, "My curtains wouldn't stand it," had, no doubt, the eye of an artist. That six pretty bridesmaids should be attired in what Miss Intensely Tootoo would term the "livery of love," is a custom common on both sides of the Atlantic. Ladies attending races now in particular carriages, wear the owners' colors. Suits of furniture, sisters dresses to match, the servants' livery, and the tint of the panel of the carriage he drives—all these combinations of color are sanctioned by custom. The last new thing, however, seems carrying the matter to extremes. Many ladies now wear skirts corresponding in color, texture and material with the front awnings of the house. A thrifty housewife, when she gives the order for these awnings, tells the maker to send home three yards of the piece for herself, and the same material shades the front windows and forms the dress of the fair mistress. Well, if our sisters have stolen the Turkish towels from the bath-room to make their jackets, the girths from the stable for their belts, why not a skirt off the outside awning, a sash from the outside blind, a striped tablecloth for a shawl and a colored duster for a head-dress. These fashions have two decided advantages—they are very striking and economical.

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A PREJUDICE has long since existed in the minds of many persons against the use of watermelons on the ground of their being unhealthy, and many cases of cholera-morbus, colic, and similar diseases have been charged to their use. A writer in a prominent journal takes a very different view of the subject, and stands up bravely in defence of the much-abused vegetable. He says: "I can imagine the horror of certain readers who fancy that they are so peculiarly constituted that they can't eat fruit, and 'watermelons. Mercy! I should have an attack of cholera-morbus, surely.' There is not, in my opinion, one such person in the world who would be troubled by watermelons if taken after a fast day. It might start the sluiceways in the case of a constipated person, who has been clogged up with bad food for a number of days and weeks, and save life. If so, it would prove the best and safest physic in the world. Watermelon contains about ninety-five per cent. of the purest water, and a trace of the purest sugar, and nothing has yet been discovered that furnishes so perfect and speedy a cure for summer complaint as watermelon, and nothing else. Even when the disease becomes chronic, this delicious beverage—for it is little more—watermelon, taken freely two or three times a day, has often been known to work wonders, and to cure when all the usual remedies had failed."

IN PEACE.

BY IDA M. THOMPSON.

Over a quiet heart to-day
Her busy hands are crossed;
Her patient face now tells no tale
That life was tempest-tossed.

In peace, in rest, in love, in God,
In heaven, where no rude touch
May come, with burdens troublesome,
To harm her overmuch.

And one day, too, so I shall rest,
With heart and brain both still;
All healed of care, and pain, an' wrong—
One day, by God's good will.

In the Gloaming.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

RAIN, rain, rain! How I detest the country! Even a fog is better than this eternal mist and drizzle! It's absolutely intolerable! I wonder where everybody is?"

With an impatient shrug of her graceful shoulders, Geraldine rose and walked to the window. The prospect was not enlivening.

"What a dismal prospect!" was the girl's verdict, as she stood and watched the driving clouds of rain and sleet. "And I have nine more days to spend in this dreary place! How can Alice endure it? Nothing—no, nothing in the world should ever make me live here."

Then she went back to her seat by the fire, in utter discontent with herself and all the world.

"What can Alice be doing all this time? Making a maid of herself, as usual, I suppose"—with a contemptuous curl of the red lip—"with two nurses looking on! I wonder she can be so absurd! I wish——"

Here the door was noisily thrown open, and a merry mischievous-looking little damsel trotted boldly into the room, a most dilapidated doll hugged closely in her arms. She danced up to the fire and clutched the delicate folds of Geraldine's dress with her small fingers.

"Auntie, auntie, me dot a new frock—look!" she cried, lifting up her short skirts of embroidered muslin for inspection. "Me runned away from nurse to show it to'oo."

But the moment was unpropitious for Mollie. Geraldine only extricated her dress and put the mischievous fingers aside, without noticing the new frock.

"Mollie, where is mamma?"

"Me knows; she's making Jack say his prayers. Me did run. Look at my Katie, auntie. She's got the dipferia, and she's going to have a powder in currant jam;" and the little sprite kissed the doll's dilapidated face and held it tenderly towards her aunt.

But Geraldine was in no mood to sympathise as she usually did with poor Katie's numerous and novel ailments.

"No, no, Mollie, don't tease!" she said, putting the doll remorselessly aside.

Nowise abashed, Mollie dropped down in the middle of the white hearth rug and seated herself and her doll easily upon the soft fur, the child's golden curls gleaming in the firelight and her merry mischievous eyes glancing up every now and then at her aunt.

"Me shall have a watch and a new dollie to-morrow," she said confidentially at last; "but me will always lub my own Katie; won't me, darling?"—giving her old doll a vigorous hug. "It's my birfday, and me will have such lots of valentines! Shall 'oo have some too, auntie Gera?"

"No, no. Hush, Mollie!" exclaimed Geraldine quickly. "What was that?"

Her ear had caught the click of the heavy iron gate outside as it swung backward and forward. Some one had passed through; and in a few minutes the top of an umbrella appeared above the shrubs as its owner walked swiftly up the drive towards the house. A softened expression passed over the beautiful fair face as Geraldine bent towards the fire.

"Ah, well," she said, sighing, "it will be a change at least in this dismal monotonous day! I am glad he has come."

But when, a few minutes afterwards, she rose to greet the visitor, her face wore its former look of listless indifference, and the stately grace of manner was even more marked than usual as, after a brief "Good evening, Mr. Scarsdale," she seated herself again on the low couch and motioned to him to take the seat opposite.

With quiet courtesy Mr. Scarsdale took the place indicated, totally ignoring, or not seeing, the scornful air of indifference.

"Ah, Miss Spoilt, you here?" he said; and he drew Mollie, nothing loth, on to his knee.

His grave composure irritated Geraldine.

"A horrible day, Mr. Scarsdale, as all days seem to be here! Is it always so in the country?" she asked, taking the feather-screen again in her hand.

"Not always. I didn't think the country monopolises more than its fair share of rain, whatever town may do."

"At any rate, it is never so unmitigatedly dreary in town," she returned. "Even on wet days there is always something to do."

"I will willingly grant town the monopoly of amusements. But don't you think the unmitigated dreariness has another source, Miss Cameron? 'Nothing to do' is a most satisfactory recipe for giving a dismal color to everything."

Geraldine glanced up in cold displeasure.

"Perhaps so," she said indifferently.

But she was so unaccustomed to contradiction that the very slight insinuation of censure in his words aroused her attention effectually. Who was this country gentleman that he should presume to criticise her proceedings and find fault with what she did or did not do—she, Geraldine Cameron, beautiful and wealthy, the spoilt pet and darling of an exclusive and aristocratic London coterie? She looked across at him from her side of the fire, and involuntarily a feeling of respect took possession of her, very foreign to her half sarcastic, half-scornful appreciation of mankind in general. He was not a handsome man; nor could any one honestly call him ugly.

He was not old, nor yet very young. His face, with its spare determined outlines, was deficient neither in strength nor intellect; and the keen steady eyes could soften wonderfully, and did as he smiled down at the irrepressible Mollie.

"Decidedly a man to respect, if not to fear" was Geraldine's mental verdict; and with curious inconsistency she liked him all the better for the fearlessness with which he had braved her displeasure and found fault with her discontented and decidedly ill-humored self.

"Do you make a much longer stay?" interrogated Mr. Scarsdale at last, finding that Geraldine made no further remark.

"No; I return home next week."

"Ah, so soon! We shall be very sorry to lose you."

He looked at her as he spoke. A faint flush rose to the fair proud face; possibly it was the reflection of the firelight—at any rate it was so slight as to be insignificant.

"Do you go alone?" he pursued.

"Oh, no! Sir Henry takes me to town of course; Lady Netherly will not leave Silverlands at present. I think, she is in the nursery. I will let her know, that you are here."

She looked towards the bell hands; but, cold and stiff as her words had been, and ungracious and repellent her demeanour, Mr. Scarsdale did not take her obvious hint to ring the bell.

"Pray do not trouble" he said curtly. "I would not disturb her on any consideration. I came to bid you good-bye."

He put Mollie down upon the floor, and got up, ostensibly to take leave, but in reality to stand by the chimney-piece and commence to move the costly ornament up and down.

Something which Geraldine would have scorned to think was disappointment crept over her at his words. There, he stood, a stern, strong man, an obscure country squire, over thirty, with not even good looks to recommend him, scarcely courteous to her; and yet she could not help a most unusual and unwonted feeling of regret at the thought of saying good bye to him. What was there about him that aroused her intense in spite of herself? He was quite different this evening too from his usual calm self.

He appeared to be in a state of suppressed excitement, which showed itself in the fidgety way he was moving the vases and statuettes on the chimney-piece.

"I wonder why he will stand up instead of sitting down?" thought Geraldine curiously. "And, if he came to say good-bye, why does he not say it and go? Alice's Dresden shepherdess will be in a thousand pieces directly."

But something in Mr. Scarsdale's restlessness influenced her; she lost a little of her cool self-possession.

"It has been a quiet visit for you," he said at length, but without looking at her.

"Yes; it would have been that anywhere, as we do not visit since my aunt's death; but——" A slight shrug of the white shoulders and a glance at the rainy prospect outside completed her sentence eloquently.

"Do you really dislike the country so much?" he asked.

"Yes I do," was the pettish answer.

"Is there nothing that would make you feel kindly towards it? Do you not remember its glorious summer and autumn beauty, its kindly winter hospitalities, its free, pure, simple life? Is there nothing that can compensate for the glare and glitter of your town life? Would an existence in the country be so very miserable?"

Geraldine hesitated; other glories and triumphs rose up, before which the simple natural pleasures of a country life grew pale and insipid.

"Perhaps not exactly miserable, but very dismal, she replied, thinking of her triumphs and success.

"But would it be quite insupportable?" he urged.

"I don't know; you speak so seriously, Mr. Scarsdale."

"I speak as I feel. I never was more serious in my life," he said briefly.

"I suppose some people are happy here—my sister and her husband, for instance," said Geraldine slowly. "Perhaps with a home and friends, and pursuits and interests like theirs, one might be happy even in the country."

A sudden glow lighted up his face as he turned quickly toward her.

"Ah, Geraldine——"

"It's my birfday; we shall have some valentines to-morrow," interrupted irrepressible Mollie; "and auntie won't—she telled me so. Nobody won't send her none."

Mr. Scarsdale caught Mollie round the waist and lifted her up.

"How do you know, Miss Spoilt? Did she tell you that valentines were only for children?"

"No; auntie telled me nobody would send her none. Poor auntie! Will 'oo send her one and me too," added Mollie insinuatingly—"roses and snow and ice and ickle boys wis wings blowing trumpets like Freddy's? Please do, Mr. Scarsdale!"

"Very well, Mollie; you shall have one, all roses and snow and Cupids. What must auntie's be like?" he added, smiling down at Mollie.

"I know," said Mollie, shaking her head wisely—"a nice big boy like 'oo, and——"

"Don't be tiresome, Mollie!" interrupted Geraldine crossly. "Mr. Scarsdale, you quite spoil her. As to valentines, I think they get more objectionable and vulgar every year."

"Nevertheless it is a good old institution, and we will do it all honor. The roses and Cupids and spangles please the little ones; don't they, Mollie? Good-bye, Miss Spoilt," he said, putting her down. "You shall have your valentine. And now, Miss Cameron, I will wish you good evening."

"Good-bye, Mr. Scarsdale," was the brief reply, as for a moment she suffered him to take her hand.

Though the words were so coldly spoken, Geraldine got up after he had left the room and went to the window. She watched the dark figure walking away swiftly in the gathering gloom till the dense masses of the shrubbery hid it from sight. What did he mean? Why had he uttered her name and then broken off suddenly? Why did that half smile cross his lips at her stiff "good-bye?" Above all, what did his doings or sayings signify to her?

She stood listening to the dreary plash of the rain-drops against the window and the wild moan of the wind as it tossed the branches to and fro. She shivered as she looked into the black darkness, and detested the country and all it contained more bitterly than ever.

"No," she thought discontentedly; "not for worlds would I drag on an existence in the dismal monotonous country. How Alice and Harry contrive to exist here I don't know. With nothing to do, nothing to think of, nobody to see, and every day exactly like the one before it, it is horrible! Nothing should induce me to live such a life!"

Notwithstanding these conclusions, Geraldine had a dim conception that she was wrong, a secret conviction that the whirl of gaiety in which she lived was all glitter and emptiness.

Presently her sister and Sir Henry Netherby came down. Dinner followed, which was a slight break in the monotony of the quiet evening, but not enough to dissipate Geraldine's weariness and discontent. At the earliest possible moment she went to bed.

In the morning the sun shone brilliantly, the great shrouding curtain of fog had lifted, and the blue sky was flecked with white cloudlets. It was all very fair, she allowed; but what of that? To-morrow the rain and the mist might come again, and dullness and melancholy reign supreme.

On reaching the breakfast-room she was greeted by Mollie's clamorous little voice.

"Auntie, auntie, me got four—twenty valentines! And there's one for 'oo too—papa said so—auntie's valentine! Here!"—and the busy small fingers seized a letter lying on Geraldine's plate and gave it to her.

Sir Henry looked up from his letters.

"Good morning, Gera. I thought your ladyship would not condescend to such frivolities as valentines?"

"The valentine exists only in Mollie's imagination; it is a letter," she said quietly.

With a pang of sorrow, shame, and anger she guessed who had sent it and what was in it. She quietly put it into her pocket, to Mollie's disgust, that astute little damsel being in a morbid state of jealousy for fear any valentine should surpass the glowing beauty of her own, and quite convinced that auntie Gera's was not a letter at all, but "an ugly penny valentine!"

"Was not Arthur Scarsdale here last night?" asked Sir Henry presently. "I met him at the gate as I came in."

"No," said Lady Netherby.

"Yes," corrected Geraldine. "He stayed only a short time, Alice, and would not let me call you. I forgot to tell you afterwards."

Sir Henry gave a sharp glance at his sister-in-law; but the quiet proud face baffled his scrutiny.

After a time Geraldine made her escape to her own room; and a few bitter remorseful tears rose to her eyes as she opened her letter and read what Arthur Scarsdale had to say. The note was quite short, but it took her a long time to read it. His wife! Yes; and in her heart she felt that the love of which he told so quietly was tender and true. His wife! She folded the letter and stayed a long time looking dreamily out of her window over to where Branscombe Woods stood out dark against the sky. At last she roused herself, turned away from the fair prospect, and opened her writing-desk.

"I could not do it," she said. "The monotonous life would kill me."

Then she thought of her brilliant butterfly existence in London and its ever-changing round of pleasure, its luxury, sparkle, and flattery, and all the other glories, and, as she thought, necessaries of her life. Not even for Arthur Scarsdale's love could she give them up.

"After all, I do not care for him; it only grieves me to give him pain. No, no, I dare not risk it. But I wish I had never come here, never seen him. I am sorry for his sake!"

* * * * * * * *

Four years passed away before Geraldine Cameron saw Silverlands again. Then she came down on a long visit to her sister's home to recruit after a season of unusual gaiety.

It was a dull February evening, misty and chill outside, bright with firelight within. Geraldine was seated on her old favorite couch near the fire. Mr. Scarsdale stood opposite to her in so much the same attitude and with so much of the same grave quiet manner, that but four minutes, instead of four years, might have passed since the twilight evening so long before.

"Was it all a dream?" thought Geraldine, noting the quiet composure of his face. It was just as determined-looking as ever, with no added lines telling of regret or sorrow; his eyes were as steady in meeting hers as if no past lay between them. Only in one thing was he changed. He saw in her simply a lady to be treated with all deference and courtesy, nothing more.

They knew nothing of each other's thoughts, these two once so nearly close together. Between them now was but the stiff politeness, the elaborate courtesy of mere acquaintances, which was worse by many degrees than downright rudeness, as there was nothing to hope for or resent in it.

"A quarrel would be such a relief!" thought Geraldine, as she answered quietly his easy unconcerned remarks. "If he would be stern, bitter, or even angry, it would be better than this frigid civility."

Seemingly indifferent, Mr. Scarsdale went on talking. He was speaking of skating, which an unusually long frost had made a fashionable pastimes, and in which she knew he excelled.

"We had quite a gathering at Silvermere yesterday, Miss Cameron. Do you not skate?"

"No; I have never had an opportunity of learning."

"Really! You miss a great pleasure."

"So I suppose; it is one of those pleasures of which I have always been compelled to be a spectator, the natural consequence of living in London," she said rather bitterly, for the polite indifference of his words stung her.

"Hard lines, Miss Cameron," he returned lightly, but with a quick upward glance at her.

"Which?" she asked sharply. "Living in the city, or not being able to skate?"

"Both, I should say."

"Ah, you were always devoted to the country!"

"And you to town," he returned.

They had stumbled upon an unlucky subject. His tone was suspiciously indifferent, his eyes looked determinedly at the fire, and the old restless trick of moving the ornaments seemed to have returned.

"How indifferent he is!" thought Geraldine in the sudden silence that followed the introduction of the dangerous topic. "I wish Alice would come."

In a few minutes the door opened and Lady Netherby, in full evening dress entered the room.

"Why, Geraldine, the carriage is ready, and you are not dressed! Do you know how late it is?"

"I am not going, Alice. I hate dinner-parties!" was the reply.

"Not going? But, Geraldine, I can't go——"

"Oh, yes, Alice, you can, I know! I hate dinner-parties and all belonging to them; but say something pleasant in my behalf to Mrs. Preston."

Lady Netherby unfurled her delicate ivory fan in dismay.

"Harry," she called out to her husband, "here's Gera at the last minute refusing to go! What is to be done?"

Sir Henry came in.

"Why, what's the matter, Gera?"

"Nothing! Don't tease me; I'm tired of dissipation. You must let me me off this time."

"Let you off! Nonsense, Gera?"

She raised her eyes appealingly to him.

"You were always good to me, Harry," she said. "Don't make me go; I am so tired."

Sir Henry gave a sharp glance at her, and uttered an emphatic "Hem!"

"What a capricious girl you are; Come along, Alice;" he said, offering his arm to his wife to lead her to the carriage. "Scarsdale, we can give you a lift to Branscombe."

"No, thanks; I shall walk," replied Mr. Scarsdale moving from his place by the fire. "Besides, I promised Mollie to go and see the new school-house this evening. Is she up there?"

"Yes," said Lady Netherby, "and will be only too delighted at any interruption to her lessons. Gera, I think you will have a fit of repentance in five minutes time," she added as she left the room.

A "Good night" and the most formal of bows with Mr. Scarsdale, and he was gone also. Had he seen the pained wistful look on the fair face before him, he might not have made his farewell either so brief or so cold.

So Geraldine was left alone with her own thoughts, which were not very profitable ones. She sat on in her low seat by the fire, looking with sad yearning eyes into the past. What had these four years of luxurious gaiety, of brilliant success, done for her—four years of the great world.

A dreary loneliness, a longing for rest, a passionate wish that she could stay for ever where she was, and never go back to the whirl of excitement, the memory of which made her brain ache and throb.

But it was her own fault, her own choice. Four years ago she had put her chance of happiness away from her—she would none of it; and now nobody wanted her, nobody was the better or happier for her existence. She had bartered the true love of a good man for the fascinations and glitter of her world, and they turned to dust and ashes in her mouth. She was as beautiful as ever; her stately grace had not left her; but the lovely violet eyes were softer, and the well-cut mouth had lines which were not there in the old days. The fire leaped up and gleamed upon her hair; but it shone brighter on the tears in her eyes as she hastily covered her face with her hands.

"No, he does not care—he does not even remember!" she sobbed. "Too late—too late! I did love him; but I loved myself better."

After awhile she brushed aside the tears

with an impatient gesture, and, rising, moved about the room, taking up now a book, now an ornament, and replacing it mechanically. At the piano she stopped, and then sat down and began to play low dreamy melodies, at last breaking into the accompaniment of a song. Presently she began to sing the words softly.

A door behind her was partly open, and the shadow of a man, fantastic and unshapely, fell upon the firelit wall; but she did not see it. In the quiet gloaming, with nothing but the firelight shadows and silence in the room, she sang softly and sweetly the mournful refrain of the sad passionate song—

How could I tell I should love thee to-day
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?

Over and over again she sang those words, as if their mournful passion had some charm for her, till at last her voice failed, and, with her eyes full of tears, she turned again to the fire. She stood close in front of it, and rested her head against the chimney-piece, never noticing a tall figure standing in the deep shadow of the recess on the right-hand side. Presently the figure moved forward; the man's face was grave and stern.

"Geraldine!"

She started and looked up.

"Mr. Scarsdale!" she said in astonishment.

"Yes, it is I. Do you remember this day four years ago?"

"Yes," she replied, avoiding his steady look.

"Did you 'hold me dear' that day?"

No answer came at first; but a vivid rose came to her cheeks and crept over neck and brow.

"I wait your answer. Did you 'hold me dear' that day? he asked gravely.

"Yes," she said simply.

"Then why did you send me away?"

There was a long pause. Geraldine glanced at his face—it was inflexibly grave and stern.

"Because—because," she faltered; then recovering herself—"I will not be questioned; you have no right to ask."

"I take upon myself the right. Will you answer me?"

"No," she said defiantly, roused by his cool persistence.

A slight smile crossed his face.

"I think you will," he said quietly. "You love me, yet you sent me away. Did you think my love would fail you.

"No," she replied unwillingly, compelled to answer by the authority of his manner.

"Did you doubt your own for me?"

"Only for a while; then I knew," she said mechanically, as a child answers question.

He smiled again.

"Were you afraid of your life with me?"

She hesitated for a few moments. To answer that would be virtually to own herself wrong, and be a confession of her pride and foolishness. She glanced again at him; but his grave face showed no sign of relenting. At last her better self conquered.

"No—only the manner of it," she said humbly.

He put out his hand and took hers, drew her close to him, and bent down and kissed her lips.

"Do you fear it now, Geraldine?"

"No—oh, no!" she murmured, resting her head on his shoulder. "Arthur, will you forgive me?"

"Some day perhaps. Ah, lady mine, you have kept me waiting long; but I knew you would be true to yourself at last; and I could afford to wait for my wife!"

SNAKE FANGS.—Why are snakes provided with fangs? The natural answer is "As a means of self-defence." But is not this idea of "self-defense," though obviously correct up to a certain point, pushed a little too far? Whatever active weapons an animal possesses—fangs, teeth, claws, spurs, beak, powers of compression, or other force—are given it primarily for the purpose of securing its food. The pythons, boas, diamond and carpet snakes, anacondas, etc., crush their prey by the huge constricting strength of their bodies: the immense group of the non-venomous colubers have neither this power (with one or two exceptions) nor fangs, but the creatures upon which they feed—chiefly frogs, lizards, and fish—are such as are easily held by the aid of their long backward-pointing teeth alone; while the three principal families into which poisonous serpents are divided—whose natural food consists for the most part of birds, small animals, or other snakes, kill them with the fangs, and then devour them at leisure. How otherwise could a cobra or rattlesnake secure the rats of which it is so fond? It would be torn in pieces did it attempt such a thing, and the rat would escape with a scratch.

A NOVELTY was introduced at a recent concert at Grosvenor House, London, when four young ladies appeared on the platform and as they held up their hands, you saw that there was only one finger available, the others being tied down. The programme announced an eight-fingered waltz, and this explained it. The four young ladies sat in a row at the grand piano and played their waltz, and it was a marvellous performance, immensely pleasing to the audience.

LET the poor sufferers from female complaints take courage and rejoice that a painless remedy has been found. We refer to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is prepared at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send to Mrs. Pinkham for pamphlets.

Our Young Folks.

DANDIE'S ADVENTURES.

BY E. S. B.

ONE bright afternoon, rather more than a year ago, Dandie—or as he was usually called Dan—might have been seen lying on the lawn at Sunning Lodge, enjoying a half-doze, and looking the model of a handsome little Scotch terrier, with a fine coat and very intelligent eyes, that opened wide from time to time, following every movement of the group assembled in the garden. There, on a rustic bench, sat Mrs. Acton, the mistress of that pleasant home, while at her feet on the grass were two of her children—Ethel, a girl of eleven years old, and May, a year younger, who were playing with a pretty tabby kitten, that, following a cork tied to a string, went springing and leaping and rolling over, to the great delight of her young mistresses and the satisfaction of Dandie, who knew by experience that if not employed and amused, Kitty would probably come and pat his ears and tail, a proceeding of which he rather disapproved. He was, however, patient and gentle with her, and with the younger members of the family, though Johnny, the baby, did sometimes pinch him more tightly than was pleasant.

Johnny was allowed to throw his fat arms about Dan's neck, and fondle him, in his baby fashion, because the dog could take care of himself and get away when he chose; but Mrs. Acton would never suffer any live creature in her house to be considered as a mere toy, and subjected to risk of needless pain and injury, so neither of the little ones might take up the kitten, as they did not know how to handle it; and puss could scamper about the nursery, calling forth shouts of laughter, without fear of being caught and worried.

The children—who loved and delighted in animals none the less because they learned to be considerate towards them—declared that never before was there such an enchanting kitten as their Topsy, and that as to darling Dan, he did all but speak.

The kitten tired herself out and dropped asleep, and Ethel, looking at her mother, said:

"Though it is Saturday we shall not have papa or Clem home; Aunt Lucy will be sure to keep them to tea. As you say you cannot leave home to-day, shall we go for a walk with nurse and the little ones?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "Johnny is awake, for I hear his voice, so you had better go in and get ready at once."

At the word "walk," Dandie started up and capered so wildly round the little girls that they could scarcely pass him.

Waiting for them when they came out again with nurse, little Ella carrying a new doll, and Johnny in his coach, Dan had to be held back at the gate from making a rush after a shabbily-dressed man; but once fairly started, grew more reasonable, and trotted along steadily enough for some time—the children seeing him first a little in advance, and later, following at a short distance.

Unfortunately, just as they were passing the end of a quiet road, Dan saw a cat jump from one low wall to another, and yielding to temptation, he pushed through a gate that stood ajar and followed her.

Chasing cats was a forbidden amusement, and it is strange this piece of misconduct on Dandie's part did not attract the attention of his friends; but as Johnny was fractious and gave nurse trouble, she left the little ladies to look after their dog, while they were absorbed in attendance on Ella's doll, whose hat would not keep on its curly wig; so Dandie went off unheeded.

The cat soon made her escape, but as her tail disappeared down a doorway, the pursuer came upon a mound of rubbish in the garden through which he was following her, and smelling a bone there, he stopped to pull it out.

The heap of rubbish was near to, and could be seen from, the garden gate, and just outside it gathered several boys who had followed Dan when he chased the cat, and now waited watching his further proceedings.

Unfortunately, there was among the refuse a bit of old torn netting, part of a square that had covered a fruit tree.

In trying to pull the bone he sought from under the net, Dan became somewhat entangled in its meshes; he was about to shake himself loose, when an ill-looking lad, creeping up, contrived to slip a large hole over his head, and mid the sound of brutal laughter, poor Dan abandoned his researches in sudden pain and rushed out of the gate.

There a kindly boy tried to stop and help him, but hanging on to the netting was the spout of a broken watering-pot, which, clattering over the stones, frightened the already startled and confused animal so much, he sped on in blind terror, at a pace that soon left friends and foes far behind.

"Oh, where is Dan?" exclaimed May Acton, as, having fastened the troublesome hat with a pin, thrust well into dolly's head, she at length turned and missed the general favorite; and then the air echoed with cries of "Dandie! Dan! Dan!" while the dog was speeding away in an opposite direction, along road, street, and terrace, followed by idle men and boys, making a noise that would have overpowered the voices of his friends, even had they been nearer. On went poor Dan, far and fast, his tongue hanging out of his parched mouth, hot, dirty, and weary, but still making a struggle to escape from the rattle at his heels. Some mistaken people cried "mad dog!" some cruel ones threw stones, which wounded him severely; some kind ones tried to stop him, and this attempt was successful at last, as a nimble little fellow set his foot on a bit of string that trailed from the netting, when, half strangled by the sudden check, Dan sank down at the base of a post, and lay still, on finding the clatter behind him cease.

"Better not touch him, he'll bite yer!" was the warning cry of a man whose advance was met by Dan's growling and showing his teeth.

"Poor fellow! Let me take it off," said the lad who stopped the fugitive, venturing close, in spite of the warning demonstration.

The dog glanced up to the kind honest eyes now bent on him with pity, then gave a slight assenting wag with his ragged dusty tail, and was soon licking the hands that bravely but gently loosened the netting from round his throat.

"What's to be done with him?" asked a man in the group gathered round.

"It had better be destroyed at once," announced a policeman, shouldering his way into the circle; but as to touch the creature would have made him dirty, and as there was no weapon for killing dogs handy, he paused, irresolute; and Tom Bright, the boy who had befriended it, taking advantage of the moment, raising the shivering creature from the ground, asked—

"Why shouldn't I have him? I stopped him!"

"What will you do with him?" inquired a gentleman, looking over Tom's head.

"Keep him, if mother'll let me."

"Perhaps your mother does not like dogs," said Mr. Manvers, the gentleman, who spoke first. "What is your mother?"

"Widow—she sews," said Tom, laconically, but in civil tones; then encouraged by the look of kindly interest in the listener's face, he added, "she gets very little, and I don't earn much, but I'm going to apply for a new place at something a week more."

"I doubt the dog's living," said Mr. Manvers, "but"—turning to the policeman—"if the lad has a mind to try, you may as well let it take the chance. Remember, my boy, you will have to deliver the animal up if it is claimed; and if you cannot keep it, be sure you take it to this place. Here"—writing on and handing to Tom a slip of paper with a direction for finding the refuge for stray dogs—"is the address, and here"—giving him a dollar—"is some money to pay for a little food if you retain him, or for your time if you are forced to take him to the home."

Poor Dan gave a feeble whine, and stretched his nose towards the departing friend, whom he knew as a frequent visitor at his happy home, through Mr. Manvers did not recognize in such a forlorn object the sleek pet of Sunning Lodge, so, as he wanted to catch a train, he hurried away.

Tom's home was at a distance; he reached it hot and tired, and his mother was, as he feared, vexed when, after anxiously looking for his return to wash and go in search of employment, she saw him come with dirty, miserable Dandie in his arms. The widow was a kind mother, but she really had no convenience for keeping animals, and it was a source of trouble to her that Tom wanted to shelter lost and wounded dogs, stray starving cats, and maimed birds. No wonder the poor woman looked displeased as she exclaimed, "How late are you! I'm afraid you'll lose the place! and bringing a dog, too! Now, Tom, you know I can't have it here!"

"Not in the room, I know," answered Tom; "but I think perhaps Mr. Nollings will let me put him up at the back for a bit; poor fellow! I saved him; and he's so fond—see!" as Dan licked his preserver's hand. "Oh, there's Mr. Nollings!" continued Tom, catching sight of their landlord in the yard; "I won't be long, indeed I won't." And the boy's voice, as well as the dog's look, touching Mrs. Bright's heart, she let them pass. Now Tom was a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Nollings and their daughter, and might well claim some return for the services he rendered to them. Many a time, without fee or reward, he swept away snow in winter, watered plants in summer, chopped wood, and cleaned out the yard in which he now craved shelter for Dandie: and Mr. Nollings not only granted his request, but promised to arrange a bed in an old barrel for the dog, and give it food and water, while Tom went to apply for the situation, which, to his mother's great satisfaction, he did secure. While the elders at Sunning Lodge were regretting, and the little folk were weeping bitterly, over the loss of their favorite, Dan lay in that distant yard, exhausted and wounded. And Jim Brand, the author of the mischief, had gone on his way laughing over what he called his "fun."

But people who wantonly cause harm to man or beast are almost sure to fall into trouble themselves sooner or later, and they have few friends to help them when they want aid and assistance. Not long after his ill-natured trick to the poor dog, Jim was taken up for purposely and mischievously damaging some goods at a shop-door, and as he was unable to pay the fine imposed, and could not find anyone who would do it for him, or give him a good character, he had to go to prison.

Mr. Acton and his elder boy returned to Sunning Lodge in the evening, found the party at home in great distress, and started at once in different locations to make known their loss, and have handbills printed offering a reward for the recovery of their dog, and giving a description of his appearance. The policeman who took Tom's address concluding from the dog's exhausted condition that it would, die, thought little more about the subject, which dwelt the less on his mind, because he met with an accident later in the day, and had to go into the infirmary. Several wrong dogs were sent to Sunning Lodge, and various rumors reached the inmates. They heard that a terrier had gone mad and been stoned to death; then that an animal answering to the description in the bills had been taken to the home for lost dogs whereupon, Mrs. Acton and the girls went to the institution, but of all the anxious pleading pairs of eyes that were raised to meet their own, not one looked up from under the shaggy locks of dear Dandie.

Summer went by; autumn came and was passing into winter; the Acton family had gone to the seaside, and returned to town, and Mr. Manvers, after several months' absence, arrived to dine one evening at Sunning Lodge.

"But where is Dandie?" he asked, missing the noisy greeting he expected. Then he heard for the first time how the pet had been lost. The very next day he went to the spot where he had seen poor Dan hunted down, but could not find a policeman, boy, or any one else who remembered the circumstance, and turned away rather discouraged, but resolved to renew the search.

Help was to come unexpectedly, for a few days after his fruitless journey, Mr. Manvers met Tom outside a railway station, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "Well, how did you get on with the dog?" Tom started, took off his cap, and lifting a troubled look to the questioner's face, answered, "Oh, sir, he's got well—and he's such a rare good dog, and a real beauty he is now; but he must go—Mr. Nollings has been very kind, but he says he can't let us keep him no longer. He's always trying to get out, and he barks incessant when he's tied up, and he howls at night terrible. So Jack—we call him Jack—must go to the place for dogs, unless we can hear of a good home for him. I can't sell him, to take the chances of being treated bad, or the dealer down the road would buy him."

It may be remarked that the dog dealer in question had heard of the reward offered, but had not mentioned this, hoping to secure the profit himself.

"Oh, sir," continued the boy, brightening up, and speaking very eagerly, "you was good to the dog before, perhaps you would take him yourself!"

"You seem to make sure he would have a good master in me," said Mr. Manvers, smiling. "I cannot promise to take him, but I will see this wonderful dog, and try what can be done for him, if you manage to bring him to my house to-morrow evening. Here is my address; don't lose it," and giving Tom a card, he hurried away. The next day Tom got home as early as he could, washed himself and Dan, and then, after watching a heavy meal, set off, with the dog by his side.

Mr. Manvers, standing at the top of a flight of stairs, called "Dandie! Dan! Dan!" as soon as the door was opened to the expected visitors, and Dan at once rushed up, sprang to him, jumped at his hands, and rolled at his feet, so confirming the impression produced by his recovered appearance, that Mr. Manvers, convinced of his identity, immediately ordered a cab, and taking boy and dog with him, drove to Sunning Lodge which was reached just as Ethel and May were going to bed.

I think my readers may imagine, better than I could describe, the meeting that followed. What words would convey an idea of the delight that sounded in the children's shouts and the dog's bark?

You may be sure Tom did not go unthanked or unrewarded for protecting and restoring dear Dandie; indeed, the benefit to the boy is likely to prove very substantial and lasting, for besides making him a handsome present, Mr. Acton, finding he is intelligent as well as kind-hearted and steady, promises that if he will be diligent at school and improve himself, he will take him into his own office, and place him in a position far better than any the boy had hoped to attain, before his meeting with Dandie, whom he is often invited to see at Sunning Lodge. Mr. Manvers, who seems fonder than ever of his young friends and their dog, now takes a great interest in Tom, to whom he has given some very nice books.

As to Dandie himself, even were he not to follow properly, he would run little risk of being lost again, for he is so carefully watched when outside the garden gate. The children say they are sure he is sorry for having been disobedient, and will not behave so foolishly again. I wonder, as he lies on the lawn picking a bone, or shares the rug in a friendly way with puss, now grown quiet and sedate, if he really does remember the day he chased the cat, routed in the rubbish heap, and was hunted nearly to death.

WHAT kind of a house do you want?" asked the architect. "Oh," replied the citizen, wearily, "I don't want a house at all. I just want you to build me three tiers of closets, like jail cells; 130 closets in a tier, and put a roof over the top tier. I want to put up a house that will contain enough closets to satisfy my wife." But the architect, who was a man of broad experience, told him he would have to put up a thousand closets in a tier, and make the edifice six stories high, and then his wife would say when it was completed that there wasn't a closet in the house big enough for a cat to turn around in.

Easily Proven.

It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Drear were the world without a child,
Where happy infant never smiled,
Nor stirr'd a mother's love;
We sooner could the flowerets spare,
The tender bud, and blossom fair,
Or breath of springtime in the air,
Or light of dawn above!

No monarch rules with lordlier grace
From helpless infancy, its place,
Soon narrowed to a span;
Outstretching hands that claim as right
All things that loom upon the sight,
And reeking naught of greater might
Than will discrown the man.

O, little king, O, little queen,
You rule not with the golden sheen
Of larger courts,
Your gentle sway,
Strong hearts and willing homage pay,
Love scatters garlands on your way
Where your young life disports.

No poet utters dearer word
And quaint surprises they unfold,
Ah, fairest thought eye beheld
In sweetest babe enshrined!

THE VIPER LORE.

IN summer thunder showers are generally prevalent. Apart from the extensive folklore which has from the earliest times clustered round this phenomenon of nature, we find in our own and foreign countries an immense deal of curious weather wisdom associated with it

Among some of the chief prognostications drawn from it, we are told how

Winter's thunder,
Poor man's death, rich man's hunger—

the notion being that thunder is good for fruit, and bad for corn. Another proverb, very prevalent in our agricultural districts, warns us that—

Thunder in spring,
Cold will bring.

There are, too, various omens relating to thunder when it comes in unreasonable times. Thus, according to the "book of knowledge," "Thunder in December signifieth that same year cheapness of corn and wheat, with peace and accord among the people." The same authority further tells us that "Thunder in January signifieth the same year great winds, plentiful of corn and cattle, peradventure." Again, an old proverb admonishes us that—

To [illegible]
[illegible]

Thunder in March is said to bring sorrow, and a popular adage reminds us that

When April blows his horn
It's good for hay and corn,

thunder at this time of year being generally accompanied by rain. According to an old writer, great importance was formerly attached to the day of the week on which it thundered, as may be gathered from the subjoined lines:—

Sunday's thunder brings the death of learned men, Judges and others;
Monday's thunder, the death of women;
Tuesday's thunder, plenty of grains;
Wednesday's thunder, the death of hares and other beasts;
Thursday's thunder, plenty of sheep and corn;
Friday's thunder, slaughter of great men;
Saturday's thunder, a general pestilent plague and [illegible].

Referring to thunder at different times of the day, we are told that in the morning it signifies wind, about noon, rain, and in the evening a great tempest—a piece of weather wisdom which has its exact equivalent in various parts of the Continent. Again, the quarter of the heavens from which the thunder is supposed to come has been regarded as ominous. Thus, a thunderstorm from the south is said to be followed by warmth, and from the north by cold. When too, the storm disappears in the east it is said to be a sign of fair weather. Among the many similar sayings prevalent, we are told that "if you hear the first thunder in the south, make your barn floor larger and your garden smaller. When you hear it in the southwest, you may reckon on much bread and wine." Virgil, describing a thunderstorm, tells us:—

But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crushed, a glut of gathered rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dripping sheets amain.

According to the Shepherd of Banbury's "Observations," "It thunders most when the wind blows from the south, and least when it blows from the east." His remarks on the nature of thunder are very quaint, from which we subjoin the following extract:—We see why it very seldom thunders when the northerly winds blow; for those winds, constringe the earth with their cold, and so hinder the fulminating matter from bursting forth; and when they are burst forth and floating in the air they hinder their effervescency. But, on the contrary, when the warm and moist south winds blow, which open everything, the earth likewise is opened, and abundance of fulminating matter is expired and ascends on high, which is there [illegible]

Among other items of weather lore relating to thunder we are told that "[illegible]
After much thunder much [illegible]

which has its counterpart abroad. Lightning, without thunder, is popularly considered an unfavorable omen; and in Scotland we are told that "sheet lightning, without thunder, during the night, having a whitish color, announces unsettled weather. Morning lightning, too, is regarded as an omen of bad weather." In "Nature's Secrets" we find, that "when it lightens only from the northwest look for rain the next day. If from the south or west it lightens, expect both wind or rain from these parts." It further informs us that "when the flashes of lightning appear very pale it argues the air to be full of watery meteors; and if red and fiery, inclining to winds and tempests."

In the north of England, children repeat the following charm when they wish a thunderstorm to pass away

Rowley, rowley [illegible]
Take the lasses [illegible]

Indeed, there are numerous charms practiced against thunder and lightning, many scattered allusions to which we find in old writers. Thus, in the old play of "The White Devil," Cornelia says:

Reach the bay
I'll tie a garland here about it [illegible]
'Twill keep my boy from lightning.

Many of the English peasantry still plant the house leek, popularly called "Jupiter's Beard," upon the roofs of their cottages as a preservative against thunder and evil spirits; hence Charlemagne's edict ordering that it be placed there for the same purpose. Once more, among the widespread superstitions associated with thunder we are told in days gone by, when its reports were even in number, it portended good luck; whereas lightning from north to west was an omen of evil, especially if accompanied with hail. It was formerly, too, the custom during a thunder storm to invoke the aid of St. Barbara. Bells were also rung under a superstitious notion that the sound would drive away thunder and lightning. A similar practice was resorted to in various parts of [illegible]
[illegible]
many.

Once more, lightning, it may be remembered, was regarded almost with a superstitious horror by our ancestors, and looked upon as a token of Divine displeasure. Hence whatever was struck was treated with reverential awe and generally separated from human uses.

Grains of Gold.

Teach thy tongue to say, "I do not know."

Better to slip with the foot than the [illegible]

Choleric men sin in haste and repent at [illegible]

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Half the ills we heard in our hearts are ills because we heard them.

Man does not lack so much the knowledge of his duty as his will for it.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

The two powers which constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

Pleasant occupation tends to prolong life, for longevity is much dependent upon the feelings of the mind.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

Bear patiently with the invalids. Their lives are sad enough through their sorrow and [illegible]

Good work, like the spring buds, needs only to be seen: no praise of it can approach the privilege of vision.

[illegible]

"Surprised at Her Recovery."

[illegible] Texas, [illegible] 8th, 1880: "My wife's case is the most decided cure of Consumption I have ever seen. She had been coughing for two years, with occasional hemorrhage. For four or five months had been having fever all the time, expectorating profusely—so much so that she could not sleep at night, having night sweats, and reduced so in flesh and strength that she could barely leave her bed. She was attended by the best physicians [illegible] suits. Two Home Treatments of Compound Oxygen cured her, and for eighteen months she has been in better health than for many years." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 and 1531 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

One must be a woman to know how to revenge.

A Michigan barber shop has four girl appreciators.

As soon as women are ours, we are no longer theirs.

Talmage says the fact is, one half of the women of the land are more or less invalids.

Because a woman has a b in her bonnet it is no sign she always wants to stay to hum.

Gate-posts should be set out very firmly. A great deal may hinge on them as your girls grow up.

At European watering places some of the ladies carry Japanese parasols while they are in the water.

Woman may be the weaker vessel, but [illegible] can be heard a good deal further [illegible]

A [illegible] women of insincerity without perceiving that they are more sincere with us than with [illegible]

A woman is the chief engraver in Sweden at the royal mint, and does the engraving of Swedish money and medals.

A fashionable mother in New York is said to have ringed her baby's cheeks for baptism as "it was pale that morning."

Love in laughing mood: A Brooklyn young man calls his sweetheart "Silence," because, when he wants to kiss her, she "gives consent."

"Will you take some ice-cream this evening?" "Yes, and to-morrow evening, and any other evening when it's a good evening—for ice-cream," she murmured.

In Michigan there is a piano that was built in 1850. It is still capable of putting the next door neighbor into spasms when the right girl is present to do the pounding.

An English lady has challenged any lady rider in the country to a twenty-mile race for $5,000 a side, horseback, and the challenge has been accepted in behalf of an unknown.

A Lowell man has a wife of such a changeable disposition, that he says he loves her enough some days to eat her up, and the next day wishes to graciously be [illegible]

A young lady described her state of mind at the moment when her lover offered himself. She said, "It seemed as though every nail in the house was a jewsharp, playing 'Glory Hallelujah.'"

The most powerful being on earth is man, the most beautiful is woman. The graces unite in her; in him the forces. He loves her as the embodiment of all the virtues; she worships him as the incarnation of omnipotence.

The gentle swaying to and fro of the fan by the women of the world, if harnessed into one grand hurricane, would set every windmill in creation running at such a lively rate that [illegible] the wheat could be ground into flour by them.

The creditors of the Ladies' Deposit in Boston will receive five cents on the dollar. This will be somewhat of a disappointment to the creditors, as they were led to believe when depositing their money that they would receive $5 on the cent.

The manners of women, when all by themselves, are too often bad. Unless acquainted they do not, as a rule, take the pains to be polite to one another. There is some amiability, it is true, but not enough to go all the way round.

Princeton Theological Seminary has received $10,000 from a lady who will not permit her name to be published. No doubt it is recorded beside that of the Spanish lady whose epitaph reads: "Here lies the body of one who, having transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, has gone [illegible] to enjoy it."

Women should not smoke cigars. A Buffalo girl would confirm the fact by affidavit if she was alive. She smoked the half of a five-cent Reina Victoria last week, and, being of an economical turn of mind, put the "stump" in her pocket. She forgot to put out the light, however, her clothing was ignited, and she was burned to death.

This story, of course, comes from Boston. Scene—A street-car, crowded as usual. A lady gets in; again, as usual, nobody rises to give her a seat. She glares around the car, and says, "How I do hate impolite men!" "So do I," answered a gentleman, who was balancing himself on another gentleman's lap. "Here Miss—or Madam—take my place."

Lady Lonsdale wears a feather fan which is the talk of all London. It was given her by her husband, is large enough to cover the holder down to the waist, and is composed of more than forty of the finest ostrich feather tips, mounted on sticks of tortoise shell, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. It is more aristocratic than the old-fashioned turkey-feather arrangement, but not half so convenient to handle.

A story comes to us from Maryland to the effect that a few days ago a freight engineer [illegible] the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad [illegible] with [illegible] several tons of sand to overcome the effect of the girl's stratagem.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 8, 1881.

[illegible]

News Notes.

Paper coffins are coming into use.

Tomato sandwiches are a novelty.

Spurious trade dollars are in circulation

It is becoming fashionable for preachers to wear whiskers.

A locomotive drinks 45 gallons of water every mile it travels.

Out of every 100 inhabitants in the United States 16 live in cities.

The wheat crop this year is not up to that of some previous years.

In England and Wales there are 440 persons to the square [illegible]

It is figured that 30,000 American tourists will sail for Europe this season.

A Leadville newspaper boy has put $3,000 in bank, besides being a mine owner.

A Knoxville trader was fined $20 the other day for selling [illegible]

Some of the new postage [illegible] have dogs, pigs and chickens printed on the [illegible]

A Vermont hotel recently entertained a gentleman on a bridal tour for the fifth time.

Maine, Vermont, Florida, Mississippi and Arkansas are the only States brewing no beer.

The harvest mouse builds its nest in the top of standing corn, where it is tossed about by the wind.

Prince Bismark is Knight Grand Cross of eighteen, more than half the existing number of such distinctions.

Polite Nihilists have addressed the Czar, tendering him a choice of methods by which to be [illegible]

French graves are sometimes decorated with wreaths of black and white horsehair—selected for its durability.

Colored people at Nashville have formed a society for the suppression of marriages between white and black.

There are in the United States 59 life insurance companies, the total income of which for the year 1879 was $61,000,000.

A very small proportion of the cows out of the 12,000,000 in the United States are strictly thoroughbreds of any strain.

Nevada has fifteen daily newspapers, a greater number in proportion to population than any other State in the Union.

It is rumored that Senator Plumb, of Kansas, has cleared about $1,000,000 within the past two years in mining operations.

The wharves at New Orleans are to be lighted by electricity, so that vessels may be unloaded in the cool of the night.

In England persons who advertise for the return of stolen property, and promise that no questions shall be asked, are heavily fined.

A fair haired, blue eyed mild-mannered boy of eleven in a New York town recently deliberately shot a baby because it annoyed him with its crying.

Sitting Bull has named one of his twins "The-World-Over." His daughter, "She-Who-Glances-At-You-As-She-Walks," is 14 years old, and a very nice girl.

There is a very desirable parish in London which consists for the greater part of thirteen houses on each side of Bishopsgate street. The income is $5,500 a year.

Two Iowa farmers have been at law for a long while over the ownership of some calves that long since became beef. The costs amount to $2,300, and the end is not yet.

The greasy coating on metallic pistol cartridges is not, as many suppose, an animal product, although in appearance it resembles tallow; it is of vegetable growth, and is known as Japanese wax.

[illegible] flew [illegible] was looked in and sent to a distant station, where it arrived unhurt.

At Manchester, England, a few days ago, an old man was charged with felony in stealing from doorways of shops and houses. He was first convicted of crime in 1823, and he had been 38 years in prison, with short intervals.

A pin-making ghost is the latest sensation in Baltimore. The sprinkling begins early in the night, as the rumor goes, and continues for several hours. The singular part of the affair is that the pins come from only one part of the ceiling of the front room on the first floor, and that is directly over the door.

Hunting humming birds is a favorite sport in Brazil and the West Indies. The natives use reed blow-guns fourteen or fifteen inches long, and pellets of cotton wool, with which the little creatures are stunned and captured, while travelers [illegible] with common table salt. In another case is the plumage injured.

A wealthy Maryland cotton manufacturer, who died recently, left in his provision that $100,000 should be set apart to defray any expenses that might be incurred in defending the will against possible litigation. He gave as his reason that he had "often beheld with disgust the efforts of children

ASHBURNAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1881

[illegible] me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much, indeed. I am now well. There was a [illegible] of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

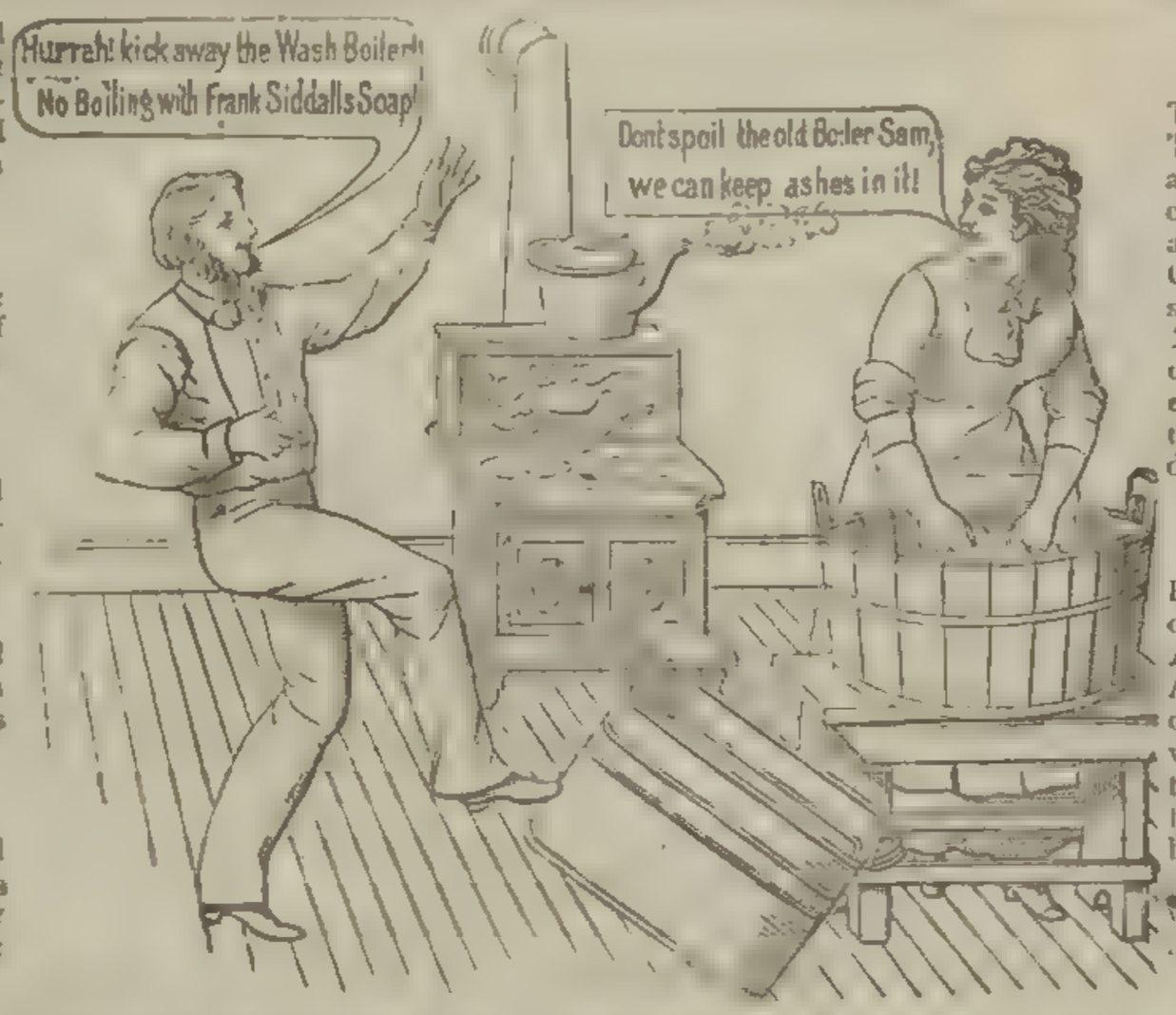
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease pots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:—

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Inclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents, and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any one lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle; the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which destroys some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

First—Cut the soap in half at wash-time. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

Next—After soaking the first time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, and if the dirt will drop out, turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but never use any more soap; never scrub or boil a single piece, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be washed out in two suds if the work is done right. If dirt is hard to wash, soaping again and letting lie in the suds a few minutes, but never keep the soap on the wash-board, nor rub it on the clothes, as it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that require boiling by the old way of washing.

Next—After the rubbing which results in the dirt dropping out, lukewarm water, and lots of it, to rinse the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard to get out the loose soap, and see that the dirty suds are got out.

Now, the rinse water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use some extra boiling, to this to take the place of boiling. *Put a piece of the soap in the rinse water and rub the pieces lightly again.* Put the clothes through this soap suds rinse water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* **Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell** of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and coarser pieces the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the teakettle to warm it. Should there be too much water, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal. It is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. **Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving;** it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for Cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospitals. Use generally in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and rock will cause it to suit harsh, nor the baby when used with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are troubled with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing the Hands, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not set the Coloring of Bedding and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and dozens and dozens of many retail grocers in New York city, Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Rockingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

F. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 11, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALEENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new.

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equalling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.

A boon to womankind.

137 Whilon Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 8, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Paraclifta, Savier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 16, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 24, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills to every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Bloomsburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Meldoon, Mississippi, June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day: no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS,
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 22, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 26, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1585, Denver, Col.

July 3, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water like old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot soda, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Currie & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.

New Publications.

"Monsieur, Madame and the Baby," is full of rare beauty, shrewd sense, genial philosophy, telling humor and touching pathos. As a faithful picture of life it has never been surpassed, and probably never will be. So eminently successful has it proved in Paris that it has run through over a hundred editions. It is in three parts, treating respectively of "The Bachelor," "Madame, and Housekeeping," and "The Baby in the Family." It consists of a series of studies, essays or tales, all neatly linked together, and forming a complete history of a young man, a husband, a wife and a baby. The book is extremely vivacious, and is sure to please and highly amuse all readers. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for September opens with a profoundly philosophical article on "The Church, the State, and the School," by Prof. William T. Harris. M. J. Savage treats of "Natural Ethics," showing that the principles of morality are rooted in man's nature. The Hon. John. A. Kasson gives a history of the "Monroe Declaration", and proves that the credit of formulating that cardinal doctrine of American statesmanship is due to John Quincy Adams. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes of the Taxation of Church Property. The other articles in this number of the Review are "Jewish Ostracism in America," by Nina Morais; "The Decay of New England Thought", by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Ghost-seeing," by Prof. F. H. Hedge; and "Factitious History," by Rossiter Johnson. The latter article is a scathing criticism of Jefferson Davis's recently published historical memoir. Fifty cents per copy. Five dollars per year. Address, The North American Review, New York, N. Y.

The September number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is designed for hot weather reading, the contents being wholly of a light and lively character, and sketches of seaside and country life predominating. Miss Rose Kingsley concludes her description of the Cumberland Border with a pleasant account of a visit to Naworth Castle, the seat of the Howards. Sylt, a quaint and primitive watering-place of North Germany, is described in one article, and Old Nantucket in another, while a third, entitled "An Afternoon in West Jaalam," gives a striking and faithful picture of rural New England. Maurice Thompson writes attractively of the "Haunts of the Greyling," and Edward C. Bruce discusses "A Dish of Vegetables." "Animal Secretiveness" is the subject of a delightful chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Zoological Curiosities." A new serial, "The Valcours," by Sherwood Bonner, is begun in this number, and promises to be strong in interest as well as sparkling in style. There are several short stories—"Frant," "A Pretty Kettle of Fish," by Mrs. Champney, and "The Dress-Maker at Green Harbor," with the usual variety of short papers and poems. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scribner's Monthly for September, contains the continuation of the two novelettes: "Queen Titania," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; and "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse." Among the other attractive features are: How to Alter our Government, "The Society of Decorative Art" in New York. An account of its history and work, with twenty-two illustrations. "A Boy in Gray." "Victor Hugo as a Dramatist," "How to Build an Ice Yacht." A descriptive article, with complete plans and figures. "A Russian Artist" with four illustrations of his more important works; "Stars of the Sea," illustrated by Beard; "The Wheel as a Symbol in Religion," numerously illustrated; "The California Big Trees, illustrated; etc. Price, 35 cents; $4 a year. Sold everywhere. The Century Co. Formerly Scribner & Co., New York.

The *London Quarterly Review* for July contains the following interesting and instructive articles: "Madame De Stael, a Study of Her Life and Times," Sir Richard Temple's "India in 1880," "Earthquakes, Their Cause and Origin," "Thomas Aquinas and the Vatican," "Walks in England," "Florence," "Schliemann's Ilios," "Radical History and Tory Government," English Trade and Foreign Competition." Leonard Scott Publishing Co. Received from W. B. Zeiber, this city.

Arthur's Home Magazine for September is full of articles both useful and instructive. In every respect it fully bears out its name as regards adaptedness for the home circle. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Philadelphia. $2.00 a year.

NEW MUSIC.

The most recent number of Saalfield's superior Ten-Cent Musical Libraries contains the following songs "Douglass Tender and True," "It was a Dream," "Further Through the Wood," each of which is well worth the price. Saalfield, 839 Broadway New York.

THIS story is told of Fechter: The great effect of a piece he was playing was the crossing of a ship over the stage, the waves being due to the heads of small boys working about under the canvas ocean. One night, as the ship was gliding across the stage, with Fechter standing in the prow, there in the midst of the watery waste, stood a small boy. The eyes of the audience were upon him and the illusions of the stage were about to give way when Fechter cried "Man overboard!" and, reaching out over the waters as the ship sped on its way, he seized the urchin and lifted him over the bulwark into the vessel.

COURTSHIP VS. MARRIAGE.

Only don't propose to me! I really like you so,
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you know.
We can brighten for each other best the revel's careless hours,
We can gather from each other still the moment's passing flowers.
We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows
Though sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you won't propose.
Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy when we meet,
Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers at our feet;
Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh, and sing, and dance;
And flirt a little now and then, to speed an hour, perchance.
Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny flake like those;
Don't break the rosy ties just yet—and, Charley, dont propose.

U. N. NOSE.

Humorous.

Pig-headed people are generally bores.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

The seashore is a place where you can always find Sabbathbreakers.

Never jest in affairs of business. There is no money in even a capital joke.

A jail bird is one of the fowl kind, whose wings have been clipped by legal process.

An enterprising book-publisher is about to issue the Comet Series. It will be devoted to tales.

If you should be asked when a cat is like a teapot, you might reply: "When your tousin' it."

Are the imaginary pictures one sees in the glowing coals an evidence that the fire draws well?

A man shot and killed an Indiana toll-bridge keeper because the keeper would not let him pass free; yet the toll was only five cents, while the cost of the powder and shot was six cents. It is no wonder that some people never accumulate anything.

Mme. V. has induced her daughter to bring an action for separation against her husband, and is the first witness called for the plaintiff. Judge—Your profession? Witness, with energy—Mother-in-law! Judge, himself a married man—Judgment for defendant! Call the next case.

"Who is she?" asks all the old ladies at Richfield when a newcomer arrives, "and how long is she going to stay?" If the answers are regarded as satisfactory they speak to the newcomer, if not they snub her right and left; and this is the way people are "frozen out" at the summer resorts.

The following notice by a Virginia blacksmith indicates readjuster sentiments on the part of Mose's partner: "Notis—De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

A Christian: "What are you doing there?" asked an elderly and pious-looking skater of a young man who had fallen on the ice, and was rubbing his thigh with considerable energy. "Doing?" he exclaimed, pressing his jaws together to keep back a volume of profanity. "Why, I'm trying to be a Christain."

"You're sister Jennie's feller, ain't you?" asked little Joe. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, accompanied by an awful blush. "I fink," said the little one, "that mamma scolds awfully 'bout the 'margarine on your hair gettin the wall-paper dirty." There's where the youngster made a mistake. He drew no cash or candy that trip.

It is difficult for one to understand how a woman can be happy whose sealskin sacque has been lengthened by sewing on a piece of fur. She knows that her sacque is short, and everybody knows that her sacque is short, and everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows it, and she knows that everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows it, and everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows that she knows it.

"It is Curing Everybody,"

writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. If you have those symptoms which indicate biliousness or deranged kidneys do not fail to procure it and use faithfully. In liquid or dry form it is sold by all druggists.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

$10 Rifle for Only $15.

The Evans 28-shot Sporting Rifle, advertised by E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., is a great bargain. We are positively assured that the retail price of these Rifles was $40 each; any one can get the same Rifle now by sending to the above-named firm only $15. They offer to refund the money sent if the Rifle is not as represented. Read their advertisement in this issue.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The "Old Reliable" Camden & Atlantic R. R.

For some weeks past this Company has been doing a very heavy business, the entire rolling stock on some days having had to make two round trips over the road. Notwithstanding this, the trains have been running regularly on time, and it is very rarely that a train does not arrive punctually. The roadway and equipment are in such excellent condition that the run is constantly made within schedule time. The running time of express trains this season is 80 to 90 minutes, and on Wednesday an 88-minute train started late, and arrived in Atlantic City on time, having made the trip in 78 minutes. This Company claims a number of advantages over its competitors, among which is the important one of delivering passengers at the various points on Atlantic Avenue. The Woodruff parlor cars, which run on this Company's express trains, are the most comfortable cars running to any seaside resort, the additional fare in them being but 25 cents. The season has been at its height for a couple of weeks, but the rush is still unabated, the travel between Saturday and Monday being particularly large. Express trains leave this Company's ferries at 9.30 A. M., 2.30, 4.05, and 4.45 P. M., and on Sundays at 7.3' and 9.00 A. M. Other trains are given in the time tables.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Though Shaken in Every Joint

And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Greatest Variety of Goods in one Establishment in the United States.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS,

Ladies' Suits, Shawls, Underwear, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Shoes, Linens, Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing, Housekeeping Goods, etc., are sold with privilege of exchange or refund of money if not satisfactory upon examination at home.

Our New Catalogue

embracing all the departments in one large book, with a system of ordering goods by letter more convenient than any heretofore, will be mailed, without charge, to those who send us a postal card containing name, town, county, and State.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

Our Store, known as the Grand Depot, covers the Block at Thirteenth & Market Sts.

Piles Can be Cured!

Yes, radically and permanently cured—THE MOST SEVERE CASES—in from one to two months' time. We don't advertise

NO CURE, NO PAY!

But WE DO advertise the ONLY SURE CURE for Piles in the world, and can furnish a large number of genuine testimonials from patients who have been cured than all other Pile Remedy manufacturers in the U. S! It has been tested on over

500 Cases without a Single Failure

to cure!

It Drives all Pain Away in One Day's Time!
It Cure Piles with Lightning-like Rapidity!
It is Undoubtedly the Greatest Boon to Suffering Humanity Extant!

Don't Send us One Cent

Until you have proof that Brodhead's Pile Remedy is exactly as represented, but send us AT ONCE your name and address for over 30 most remarkable cures on record, and a treatise on the cause and symptoms of the disease. If you have the Piles, bear in mind that we will **guarantee you a cure** for less money and greater speed than you can obtain it elsewhere. Write us immediately.

W. F. BRODHEAD & CO.,
28 Market St., Kittanning, Pa.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE SUFFERING THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

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and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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Facetiæ.

A bone of contention—The jaw bone.

Niagara Falls—and what's to prevent it?

Tickling the "fancy"—Playing against a faro bank.

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

The retired theatre star is always an exacting creature.

When a dog howls at night it is a sign of death. It is if we can get at the brute.

"I haven't tasted a drop in ten years," as the tramp said when the servant tendered him a glass of water.

From the prices that some physicians charge, one can readily imagine that high heals are fashionable.

There are plenty of cool people even in hot weather, but the man who steals our office-fan carries off the palm.

One lively fly can scratch up and scatter more seeds of religion than the most eloquent divine can sow in a whole forenoon.

Because it is usually sure to rain during the continuance of a camp-meeting, it is not justifiable to call them "watering places."

The wrong men always get rich. It is the fellow who has no money who is always telling you how much good he would do with it if he only had it.

It is claimed that an ordinary barrel will hold 673,931 silver dollars. Unfortunately for science, an empty barrel is not all that is necessary to demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

The revival of hoopskirts has come in time to make the goats smile. They expect soon to resume their old article of diet when the hoops become old, and are thrown into open lots.

An Eastern paper says, "We've enjoyed the most restful afternoon in a fortnight through the kindness of a friend who sent us in a half dozen English newspapers to doze over."

Housekeeper: How can you tell if an egg is bad? One way to tell is to taste it. If it makes you so sick you want to die to get rid of the taste, you can feel pretty sure it's a bad egg.

The law of compensation manifests itself in even the humblest spheres of life. For instance, take the young farmer and his wife. Last spring she cradled while he sowed; this summer he cradles and she sews. This is certainly a very great country.

A young lady of an inquiring turn of mind writes to ask who are "the boys" with whom her brother and cousins go up to Oshkosh to have some fun? Why, don't you know, Laura? Apple John, Tom and Jerry, "Bob!" Bill Yards and James Jumbo.

The sleeping Hungarian at Lehigh regained consciousness after a continuous sleep of one hundred and sixty days. But under the rules of the force he will be obliged to serve for a stated term as an ordinary patrolman before he can be promoted.

The Bible says, "Love your neighbor as yourself," the parson remarked; "but of course we must not take this literally. If you manage to love your neighbor one-hundredth part as much as you do yourselves, many of you, it will be all that can be reasonably expected of you.

They are talking before an eminent writer of a critic who has handled one of his plays with unjust severity. "The fact is," says one of the company, "he is unwilling to recognize you as a master." "There's his ingratitude," replied the writer, "for I recognize him as a lackey."

Have you any fresh eggs? Yes mum, plenty; them with the hen on 'em. With the hen on them? Yes mum; we always puts a hen on our fresh eggs to distinguish of 'em. Beg pardon, mum; don't think you understand. Hen the letter, not the bird. Hen for nocloid, mum. Take a dozen, mum? Thank you!

"When I was your age," said the old man, with a sort of youthful gratification, "I used to swim fifteen or sixteen miles every day." "That ain't nothing," was the naturalist's calm reply, "when I was only ten years old I floated all the way from Rochester to Albany—about 400 miles. I floated on the boat, though."

A crushed youth's revenge: Ambitious boy—"Mother, may I go out West and fight Indians?" Mother—"No, my son, but you may go down cellar and fetch me up a scuttle of coal." Thereupon the heart-crushed youth swore eternal hostility to society, and forthwith became a plumber's apprentice.

A baggage agent was killed in New York the other day by a heavy trunk falling on him. It was very sad; but at the same time "turn about is fair play." The baggage-man has mashed more than one trunk, and at last the trunk mashed the baggage-man. He is not the first man who has been mashed by a little baggage.

The kitchen girl now has an opportunity to capture an ice-man. As he gently tucks a fifty-pound cake of ice into the refrigerator, she well knows his weak points, and accidentally puts within his reach various chunks of cold meat and other delicacies. A great deal of marital happiness has had its origin in more humble facts than these.

A man who went West to "grow up with the country," has returned. He got there just in time to get acquainted with a tornado which was doing a little visiting in that section. The tornado took him up an exceedingly high distance and showed him all the possessions of the earth, and then let him drop down again. He says he has grown enough in the last few days to satisfy him for all the rest of his natural life.

A boiler is advertised which saves 33 per cent. of fuel, a valve which saves 15 per cent., a governor which saves 10 per cent., a cut-off which saves 10 per cent., a grate which saves 20 per cent., a metal packing which saves 12 per cent., and a lubricator which saves one per cent.; total, 101 per cent. With all these improvements, an engine would run itself, and produce a balance of fuel for culinary purposes.

"Thank you!" murmured the dear girl, as she recovered from a swoon. Fitz-Fangle said it was "faint" praise.

One of our residents has bottled several hundred small worms which came from the water-pipes in his house, the other morning. At one time a small water-snake was drawn. Fortunately, water is something you are not obliged to drink behind the door, in the dark.

"You smoke a great deal, Gus," said a friend to Gus de Smith. "Yes," replied Gus, "particularly after dinner. I have got so in the habit of smoking after dinner that the dinner don't taste right when I partake of it, unless I have a smoke afterwards."

A gentleman, having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "NO, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

A Lancaster young lady playfully threw her arm around the waist of a lady friend, and a pair of scissors hanging therefrom severed an artery in her arm, and she nearly bled to death. This accident should teach young ladies that throwing arms around the female waist is a dangerous piece of business that should be performed solely by the male sex. The latter are strong and brave, and don't mind having an artery severed now and then in a good cause.

Ponder on these Truths.

Kidney-Wort is Nature's remedy for kidney and liver diseases, piles and constipation.

Sediment or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

Torpid liver and kidneys poison the blood. Kidney-Wort revives them and cleanses the system.

Headaches, billious attacks, dizziness and loss of appetite are cured by Kidney-Wort.

See adv.

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Billous pains and aches! Why tormented with Piles, Constipation! Why frightened over disordered Kidneys! Why endure nervous or sick headaches!

Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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ORGANS ONLY $5.

Music, 4c. per foot. *Illustrated Catalogues free.* THEO. J. MARBACH, 826 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

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Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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For Infants and Invalids.

OLD PEOPLE whose digestive powers are impaired will find this diet invaluable. Many are adopting this article as a DAILY DIET. It is superior and more palatable than oatmeal and other similar preparations, and being thoroughly cooked in its manufacture it does not sour or spoil. For those suffering from INDIGESTION, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, it is unsurpassed, as its soothing and nourishing properties particularly adapt it to all conditions of the stomach.

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WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

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FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the masked shows. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 50 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps six feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave correctly 20 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 20 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Marvels of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or Old Secrets and New Discoveries 15 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who order our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken. World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

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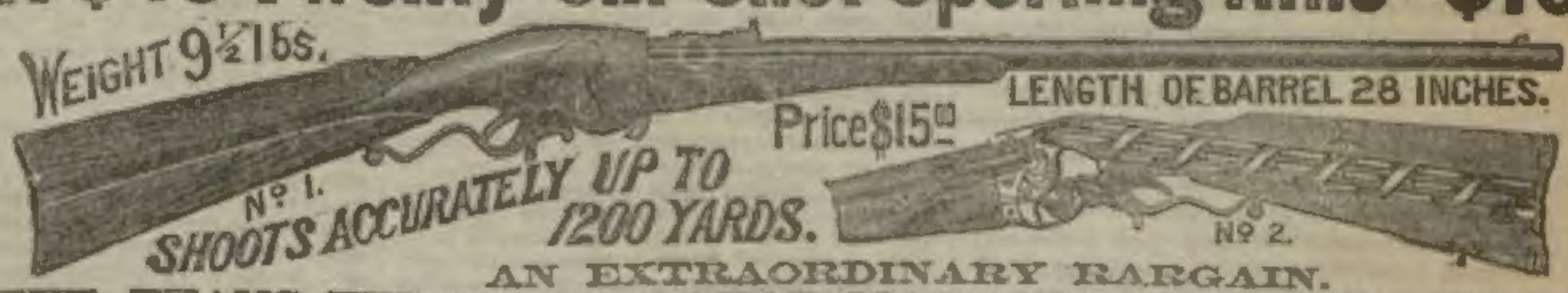

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SHOOTS 26 SHOTS IN 20 SECONDS WITHOUT REMOVING FROM THE SHOULDER.

No hammer in the way. Throwing down the guard EJECTS LOADS AND COCKS. THE EVANS is without exception the most accurate, longest ranged, most rapid handled, quickest fired, best constructed, simplest and most perfect breech-loading Rifle in the World. The new model and latest improved EVANS MAGAZINE SPORTING RIFLE is exactly as represented in above cut. It is 50 Calibre, centre fire, 28 & 30 inch barrel, engraved hinged action, check, and sighted with graduated sights up to 2000 yards, at which distance it is more accurate than any Rifle in the world. The magazine which is located in the stock as shown in Cut Number 2. Containing 26 shots, or more than double the number of any other Repeating Rifle in the world. The working parts are ALL STEEL of the finest quality, case hardened and blued and the New Patent Locking Device makes it POSITIVELY SAFE TO CARRY when loaded. THE EVANS has a great interest with Sportsmen on account of the rapidity with which it can be fired, as well as for its accuracy at any distance from 100 TO 1200 yards. Owing to the failure of the Evans Rifle Co., we were enabled to purchase their entire stock of 500,000 worth of perfect Rifles for less than one-third the cost of manufacture, and as these beautiful and expensive Rifles cannot be made cheap enough to compete with cheaper Rifles they will not be made again. This will be your last chance to secure one at the low Price of $15, and we pledge our business reputation, that they cost to manufacture double what we ask for them.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

PLAIN white woolen materials are often made a la classique—that is, with full bodies, crossed over the bust, and a deep pointed band round the waist; and a Greek peplum, or tunic, caught up in a long box-plait on the short side, quite Greck in fashion. Gold bands are the trimmings on these dresses, or fringes of white chenille and gold drops, with a heading of white and gold braid set on in Greek squares. This is quite Grecian looking, and very beautiful on a beautiful woman.

Very young ladies still wear "*baby* dresses" with an immense hip scarf, made of a whole width of shaded satin, and tied at the back in a huge bow, with long ends, to form tunic, puff, and sash in one. A plain embroidered white muslin dress, with one of these sashes for sole ornament, is one of the prettiest dresses a young lady can wear on any occasion.

Trains are made of three or four straight widths, and may flow down in plain, straight folds, or be gathered into a puff just below the waist. Both styles are worn, and are selected according to the figure of the lady who has to wear it. The bottom of the train is round and is left to flow in all its width; and is trimmed with frills, headed with embroidery or passementerie designs.

Coral pink is very fashionable for train dresses, also silver shades of grey. The whole of the front is then frequently covered with lace flounces, and the sleeves are of lace to match.

Very handsome evening dresses are made with front skirt of black satin, covered with black net, embroidered with jet or steel; or the front may be covered with drops or tassels of jet or steel. The body and train are of brocade for dresses. The neck is trimmed round with fringe to match the front of the dress, and a similar fringe surrounds the waist basque. The sleeves are of beaded net, and may be long or short, according to whether the dress be worn by day or evening. If for day, a beaded net chemisette is worn underneath the low body, and has a deep ruching round the neck.

The Kitty Bell hat, is by the way a modification of the old fashioned Pamela, and may be trimmed with a wreath of flowers to match the toilet, and fastened with an enormous bow of satin or surah under the chin. Other hats are in Bolero or Bearnese shape, with silk pompons, and some in the toquet shape; but for dressy toilets the mantilla bonnet of white Spanish lace, drooping over the forehead a little, is the most fashionable; it is trimmed with a cluster of feathers, or with an aigrette, surrounded with flowers.

In some of the new dresses the usual draperies at the back are exchanged for an enormous baby-bow, placed on the upper part of the skirt; the two loops fall half-way down the skirt, and the wide lappels fall within six inches of the edge of the skirt. The whole bow is made of the same material as the dress, but lined with somewhat stiff lining, so as to keep it firmer. It looks especially well in soft silk, such as plain or shot surah, striped or shaded silks.

For short *trotteuse* dresses of fancy woollen material a pretty style is to compose the lower part of the skirt of two fine flutings, the lower one the narrower; about the height of the knee a striped drapery is plaited across, and finished behind into a loose knot and fringed lappets. The bodice is made with a short basque, shawl, drapery, puff at the back, double quilled and gauffered revers; these revers are lined with stiff lining so as to set well.

A novelty of the season is the princess dress of self colored material, trimmed with strips of some figured theme, either in small cashmere or floral patterns, put on lengthwise at regular intervals from the top of the bodice to the bottom of the skirt.

It is pleasanter to turn to the dainty dresses which come out freshly and pleasantly when seen midst the fresh green surrounding of country scenes.

One of the first facts that strikes us this year in the matter of dress is how much the costumes of rich material have been supplanted for morning wear, even with middle aged ladies, by those of washing fabrics.

As to young girls, they appear principally to ring the changes on three notes—pink gingham, blue gingham, and white cambric; and of these the pink is the most universal favorite, reminding me of the prevalence of the brown holland rage of some years back.

Almost every third dress is pink gingham, and very fresh and charming the dresses made of it are, helping to form a veritable "rosebud garden of girls."

Nearly all these pink and blue washing frocks are made in the same fashion—a very simple one, of a full bodice fastened behind, waistband sometimes drawn in with an old paste buckle, tunic looped up on one or both sides, and short skirt covered with small kiltings.

Some of these dresses are trimmed with cream lace, but the prettiest are those with no such extra adornment, and the pink only softened by the cream tint of the large lace or muslin hat, the light Saxe gloves, and the cream parasol.

For the warm weather a great many little mantles are made of the same material as the dress. Small mantelets pinched in front for silk costumes; casaquin-jackets crossed in front, fastened with very large and handsome buttons, and made of striped tissue when the dress is partly striped and partly self-colored. Sleeves are made very narrow, and never come within two inches of the wrist, for gloves are worn longer and longer, either with at least four buttons, or without any buttons at all, and dressed in ripples over the arm.

An exceedingly handsome parasol has a cover of rich white satin, and the lace that edges it, is the Paris embroidery frequently mentioned in our columns as new this season. It resembles somewhat the Carrick-macross lace, but has gold threads introduced here and there; its color is peculiar, resembling lace that has lain by for years. A large red flower lifts the embroidery just above the face; the effect of this parasol when open is exceedingly becoming and dressy. It is intended for carriage and fete wear; the stick is ivory.

A pretty summer toilet for a young lady is of printed muslin-de-laine, white, spriggred with blue. The skirt is gathered round the waist into a deep but not very full flounce and continued into four more flounces, each edged with a band of blue glace surah. The bodice is closely shirred in at the waist, then continued into a fully-pleated tournure. In front it is gathered on each side with shirrings, and put on to a waist-band of the surah. At the top it is finished with a closely-shirred collar, opening in front, with small revers of surah, and is filled in with tulle ruches. The sleeves have shirred cuffs, finished with a surah band and tulle ruche.

Fireside Chat.

THE CONTENTS OF THE STORE-ROOM.

ONE great trouble with many young housekeepers is betrayed by the common remark, "Cookery books always require so many things that one never has in the house, and they coolly order you to 'moisten with gravy,' 'take a little gravy,' as if you had only to go to the pump and get it." It is very true that economy in cooking is much aided by having a supply of various condiments; warmed-over meat may then be converted into a delicious little entree with little trouble. I would recommend, therefore, any one who is in earnest about reforming her dinner table to begin by expending a few dollars in the following articles: One bottle each of capers, olives, gherkins, soy, anchovies, tarragon vinegar, claret, white wine, sherry for cooking, brandy, Harvey sauce, walnut ketchup, and a package of compressed vegetables and a few bay leaves.

Ten dollars thus spent may seem a good deal of money to a young housewife trying to make her husband's salary go as far as it will; but I assure her it is in the end an economy, especially in a small family, who are so apt to get tired of seeing the same thing, that it has to be thrown or given away. With these condiments and others I have yet to mention you will have no trouble in using every scrap; not using it and eating it from a sense of duty, and wishing it was something better, but enjoying it. With your store-room well provided, you can indeed go for gravy "as if to the pump."

Besides the foregoing list of articles to be bought of any good grocer, there are others which can be made at home to advantage, and once made are always ready. Mushroom powder I prefer for any use to mushroom catsup; it is easily made and its uses are infinite. Sprinkled over steak (when it must be sifted) or chops, it is delicious. For ordinary purposes, such as flavoring soup or gravy, it need not be sifted. To prepare it, take a pack of large and very fresh mushrooms, look them over carefully that they are not wormy, then cleanse them with a piece of flannel from sand or grit, then peel them and put them in the sun or a cool oven to dry; they require long, slow drying, and must become in a state to crumble. Your peck will have diminished by the process into half a pint or less of mushroom powder, but you have the means with it of making a rich gravy at a few minutes' notice.

Apropos of gravies—that much-vexed question in small households—for without gravies on hand you cannot make good hash, or many other things that are miserable without, and excellent with it. Yet how difficult it is to have gravy always on hand every mistress of a small family knows, in spite of the constant advice to "save your trimmings to make stock." Do by all means save your bones, gristle, odds and ends of meat of all kinds, and convert them into broth; but even if you do, it often happens that the days you have done so no gravy is required, and then it sours quickly in summer, although it may be arrested by reboiling. In no family of three or four are there odds and ends enough, unless there is a very extravagant table kept, to insure stock for every day. My remedy for this, then, is to make a stock that will keep for months or years—in other words, *glaze*. So very rarely forming part of a housewife's stores, yet so valuable that the fact is simply astonishing; with a piece of glaze, you have a dish of soup on an emergency, rich gravy for any purpose, and all with the expenditure of less time than would make a pot of sweetmeats.

Take six pounds of a knuckle of veal or leg of beef, cut it in pieces the size of an egg, as also half a pound of lean ham; then rub a quarter of a pound of butter on the bottom of your pot, which should hold two gallons; then put in the meat with half a pint of water, three middle-sized onions, with two cloves in each, a turnip, a carrot, and a *small* head of celery; then place over a quick fire, occasionally stirring it round, until the bottom of the pot is covered with a thick glaze, which will adhere lightly to the spoon; then fill up the pot with cold water, and when on the boiling point, draw it to the back of the stove, where it may gently simmer three hours, if veal, six if beef, carefully skimming it to remove scum. This stock, as it is, will make a delicious foundation, with the addition of salt, for all kinds of clear soup or gravies. To reduce it to glaze proceed as follows: Pass the stock through a fine hair sieve or cloth into a pan; then fill up the pot again with *hot* water, and let it boil four hours longer to obtain all the glutinous part from the meat; strain, and pour both stocks in a large pot or stew-pan together; set it over the fire, and let it boil as fast as possible with the lid off, having a large spoon in it to prevent it boiling over, and to stir occasionally. When reduced to about three pints, pour it into a small stew pan or saucepan, set again to boil, but more slowly, skimming it if necessary; when it is reduced to a quart, set it where it will again boil quickly, stirring it well with a wooden spoon until it begins to get thick and of a fine yellowish brown color; at this point be careful it does not burn.

You may either pour it into a pot for use, or, what is more convenient for making gravies, get a sausage skin from your butcher, cut a yard of it, tie one end very tightly, then pour into it by means of a large funnel the glaze; from it cut slices for use. A thick slice dissolved in hot water makes a cup of nutritious soup, into which you can put any cooked vegetables, or rice, or barley. A piece is very useful to take on a journey, especially for an invalid who does not want to depend on wayside hotel food, or is tired of beef tea.

The foregoing is the orthodox recipe for glaze, and if you have to buy meat for the purpose the very best way in which you can make it; but if it happens that you have some strong meat or jelly, for which you have no use while fresh, then boil it down till it is thick and brown (not burnt) it will be excellent glaze; not so fine in flavor, perhaps, but it preserves to good use what would otherwise be lost. Very many people do not know the value of pork for making jelly. If you live in the country and kill a pig, use his hocks for making glaze instead of beef.

Glaze also adds much to the beauty of many dishes. If roast beef is not brown enough on any one spot set your jar of glaze—for this purpose it is well to have some put in a jar as well as in the skin—in boiling water. Keep a small stiff brush; such as are sold for the purpose of house-furnishing stores, called a glazing brush, are best; but you may manage with any other or even a stiff feather. When the glaze softens, as glue would do, brush over your meat with it, it will give the looking brown; or, if you have a ham or tongue you wish to decorate them you may "varnish" it, as it were, with the melted glaze; then when cold beat some fresh butter to a white cream and with a kitchen syringe, if you have one, a stiff paper funnel if you have not, trace any design you please on the glazed surface.

It is excellent with stewed potatoes, or added to anything for which parsley is needed, and not always at hand; a spoonful with half the quantity of flour stirred into a gill of milk or water makes the renowned *maitre d'hotel* sauce (or English parsley butter) for boiled fish, mutton or veal. In short, it is one of the most valuable things to have in the house. Equally valuable, even, and more elegant is the preparation known as "Ravigotte" or Montpellier butter.

Take one pound in equal quantities of chervil, tarragon, burnet (pimpernel), chives, and garden cress (peppergrass); scald *two* minutes, drain quite dry; pound in a mortar three hard eggs, three anchovies, and one scant ounce of pickled cucumbers, and the same quantity of capers well pressed to extract the vinegar; add salt, pepper, and a bit of garlic half as large as a pea, rub all through a sieve; then put a pound of fine butter into the mortar, which must be well cleansed from the herbs, add the herbs, with two tablespoonfuls of oil and one of tarragon vinegar, mix perfectly, and if not of a fine green, add the juice of some pounded spinach.

This is the celebrated Montpellier butter, sold in Paris in tiny jars at a high price. Ravigotte is the same thing, only in place of the eggs, anchovies, pickles, and capers, put half a pound more butter: it is good, but less piquant.

Pack in a jar, and keep cool. This butter is excellent for many purposes. For salad, beaten with oil, vinegar, and yolks of eggs, as for mayonnaise, it makes a delicious dressing. For cold meat or fish it is excellent, and also for soups.

Correspondence.

SKILL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—There are several cases on record of men receiving wounds similar to President Garfield's, and, although the bullet was not extracted, have recovered.

KATE, (Moberly, Wis.)—The house is reliable. You should not, however, expect too much. We have no doubt they will do as they say, but you must not anticipate most extensive returns for such a slight outlay.

G. B. C., (Detroit, Mich.)—The 26th of December, 1858, was a Monday. 2. We never heard of the company. Address one of the leading Cincinnati or Detroit papers—or, better still, inquire in some telegraph office. Write to the publishers in New York.

SPHINX, (Johnston, Tex.)—1. The author of "A Life's Mistake" is a woman. 2. Continue to visit her, and perhaps she will love you in time. As your visits are seemingly agreeable to her, this is a great deal in your favor. Her lack of interest in your past life may arise from your not broaching the subject, or that just yet she may consider it none of her business.

D. T., (Tuppers, O.)—1. The firm is responsible. We cannot say. We believe them, however, to be worth more than is asked for them as time-pieces. 3. No. We have heard of a watch lately invented that automatically winds itself by means of electricity. This is furnished by a small battery which must be looked after once in six months. Practically, therefore, the watch only needs winding twice a year.

SUBSCRIBER, (Winden, O.)—There is no form of words to be used in congratulating a newly-married couple. What is said should spring spontaneously from the heart, and if there be good will there it will show itself in the speech, no matter how spoken. Still, if you absolutely despair of going through the ceremony rightly, you might say: "Allow me to congratulate you. I wish you all happiness and many returns of the day," shaking hands if you are sufficiently intimate. More than this is unnecessary. 2. We cannot tell exactly, but "A Life's Mistake" will probably run some four weeks longer.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Barrister, counsellor, and advocate, are specific terms, employed to designate a person who makes certain branches of the law his profession. These terms are almost synonymous. In England and Ireland the person who pleads at the bar is called a barrister or a Queen's counsel; in the United States, the same person is designated lawyer, attorney, counsel, or counsellor; in Scotland, he is named counsel, advocate, solicitor, or writer. Attorney and solicitor are persons legally qualified to prosecute and defend actions in courts of law. 2. The plural of talent is talents. Any bookseller will furnish you with the names of the books you inquire about, as well as give you all particulars about price.

CHURCHMAN, (New York, N. Y.)—The sect of Anabaptists rose about A. D. 1521, and was known in England before 1532. John of Leyden, Munzer, Storck, and other German enthusiasts, about the time of the Reformation, spread its doctrines. The Anabaptists of Munster, (who are, of course, widely distinguished from the existing mild sect of this name) insisted that infant baptism was a sacrilege of the devil, that there is no original sin, that men have a free will in spiritual things, and other doctrines still more wild and absurd. Munster they called Mount Zion, and one Mathias, a baker, was declared to be the king of Zion. Their enthusiasm led them to the maddest practices, and they, at length, rose in arms under pretence of gospel liberty. Munster was taken about fifteen months afterwards, and they were all put to death. The Anabaptists of England differ from other Protestants in little more than the not baptizing children, as appears by a confession of faith, published by the representatives of above one hundred of their congregation, in 1689.

LA PEARL, (Juletta, Ind.)—You are a good girl, and if nobleness of character is worth reward here, should have luck. Your conduct, in sacrificing yourself, both in worldly advantages and affection, to sustain your father and his family is heroic. Keep on in your present course, and whatever the result, you will have gained that sweetest of earth's blessings, the consciousness of duty done. Ask your own heart what to do. You love him. If he loves you he will in time tell you of it. You cannot tell him you are fond of him till he speaks first, but there is no reason why you should either tease or repel him. Be natural and give him no cause of offence. That he is rich and you only in moderate circumstances makes little difference. In one view you are worth his wealth a hundred times over. 2. Introduce a lady to a gentleman—the younger to the older. "Miss Smith, permit me to introduce Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones, Miss Smith," is all the form necessary. 3. Your letters are properly written, both in matter and style. We should consider the hand feminine, though rather large. Plain white, or slightly blue ruled paper is in our judgment best for all kinds of writing. Your hand is good, but there are some faults of spelling.

A. B., (Allen, Ky.)—1. "Faint heart never won fair lady." If she does not answer at first, and the gentleman feels that she will answer in time, he should ask a hundred times, if necessary, supposing his affection is sufficiently strong to stand so many rebuffs. In case of acceptance, he should propose a time for the wedding. Should it not meet her views, of course, a date mutually satisfactory must be agreed upon. The same answer will apply to the person and other circumstances. If the parties are engaged, a gentleman has the right, in our view, to request the privilege of kissing his affianced. Moreover, it would show nothing unwomanly, but, on the contrary, the faith that should go with love if she would kiss him. We would think with you that the girl, who under such circumstances refused such a favor, cannot be enthusiastically or even moderately in love with her promised husband. The feeling of admiration and supposed affection that many advanced children and very young folks have for one another is not love. It is a natural ailment that comes and goes like the measles. But the love of mature years—that ties itself to the very soul—we believe to be ineradicable. In this sense we can love but once. 3. Jealousy is a poisonous fungus that grows on love. A jealous man loves a woman perhaps in the passionate sense of the term, but his love is not pure. Pure love, which is mostly made up of faith, feels so much trust in its object that it cannot conceive such a thing as untruth. It is the same feeling—only mingled, in the wisdom of God, with something more of earth—that makes you feel certain of the truth of a mother or a sister, no matter with whom, and no matter where they be. Therefore, though a jealous man may love a girl as a female, he does not love her as a woman. 4. We do not know Senator Beck's descent, but, judging from the name, we should say it was German.